OLOR ISCANUS.

A COLLECTION

Of some SELECT

POEMS.

Together with these Translations following, *viz.*

1. Of the benefit wee may get by our *Enemies*,
2. Of the diseases of the mind, and of the body. Both written in *Greek*, by that great *Philosopher Plutarch*.
3. Of the diseases of the mind, and of the body, and which of them is most pernicious, written in *Greek* by *Maximus Tyrius*.
4. Of the praise and happiness of a Country Life; written in *Spanish* by *Antonio de Guevara*: Bishop of *Carthagena*.

All Englished by *H. Vaughan, Silurist.*

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TO

The truly Noble, and moſt Excellently accompliſh'd, the Lord KILDARE DIGBY.

MY LORD,

IT is a Poſition *anciently* known, and *modern Experience* hath allowed it for a *ſad truth*, that *Abſence* and *time*, (like *Cold weather*, and an *unnaturall dormition*) will *blaſt* and *wear* out of memorie the moſt *Endearing obligations*; And hence it was that ſome

Politicians in *Love* have lookt upon the *former* of theſe *two* as a main remedy againſt the *fondneſs* of that *Paſsion*. But for my own part (my Lord) I ſhall deny this *Aphoriſme* of the *people*, and beg leave to aſſure your *Lordſhip*, that, though theſe *reputed obſtacles* have lain long in my way, yet neither of them could *work* upon me: for I am now (without adulation) as *warm* and *ſenſible* of thoſe *numerous* favours, and *kind Influences* receiv'd ſometimes from your Lordſhip, as I really was at the *Inſtant* of *fruition*. I have no *plott* by *preambling* thus, to ſet any *rate* upon this preſent *addreſſe*, as if I ſhould preſume to value a *Return* of this nature equall with your Lordſhips *Deſerts*, but

the

the *deſigne* is, to let you ſee that this *habit* I have got of being *troubleſome* flowes from two *excuſable principles*, Gratitude, and Love. Theſe inward *Counſellours* (I know not how diſcreetly) perſwaded me to this *Attempt* and *Intruſion* upon your *name*, which if your Lordſhip will vouchſafe to own as the *Genius* to theſe *papers*, you will *perfect* my *hopes*, and place me at my full *height*. This was the *Ayme*, my Lord, and is the *End* of this work, which though but a *Pazzarello* to the *voluminosè Inſani*, yet as *Jezamin* and the *Violet* find room in the *bank* as well as *Roſes* and *Lillies*, ſo happily may this, and (if *ſhin'd* upon by your *Lordſhip*) pleaſe as much. To whoſe *Protection*, Sacred as your

Name,

Name, and thoſe eminent *Honours* which have alwayes attended upon't through ſo many *generations*, I humbly offer it, and remain in all *numbers* of *gratitude*,

Newton by *Vsk* this 17. of *Decemb.* 1647.

My honour'd Lord,

Your moſt affectionate, humbleſt Servant

VAUGHAN.

The

The Publiſher to the Reader.

IT *was the glorious* Maro, *that referr'd his* Legacies *to the* Fire, *and though* Princes *are ſeldome* Executors, *yet there came a* Cæſar *to his* Teſtament, *as if the* Act *of a* Poet *could not be* repeal'd *but by a* King. *I am not Reader* Auguſtus vindex: *Here is no* Royall Reſcue, *but here is a* Muſe *that* deſerves *it. The* Author *had long agoe condemn'd theſe* Poems *to* Obſcuritie, *and the* Conſumption *of that* Further Fate, *which* attends *it. This* Cenſure *gave them a* Guſt *of* Death, *and they have* partly *known that* Oblivion, *which our* Beſt Labours *muſt* come to *at* Laſt.

Last. *I present thee then not onely with a* Book, *but with a* Play, *and in this* kind *the first* Recoveries *from* Corruption. *Here is a* Flame *hath been sometimes* extinguished: *Thoughts that have been* lost *and* forgot, *but now they* break out *again like the* Platonic Reminiscencie. *I have not the Author's* Approbation *to the* Fact, *but I have* Law *on my* Side, *though never a* Sword: *I hold it no man's* Prærogative *to* fire *his* own House. *Thou seest how* Saucie *I am* grown, *and if thou doest expect I should* Commend *what is* published, *I must tell thee*, I crie no Sivill Oranges. *I will not say, Here is* Fine *or* Cheap: *that were an* Injurie *to the* Verse *it selfe, and to the* Effects *it can* produce. *Read on, and thou wilt find thy* Spirit ingag'd: *not by the* Deserts *of what wee call* Tolerable, *but by the* Commands *of a* Pen, *that is* Above it.

Upon

Vpon the most Ingenious pair of Twins, *Eugenius Philalethes*, and the *Authour* of these *Poems*.

WHat *Planet* rul'd your *birth*? what *wittie ſtar*?
That you ſo like in *Souls* as *Bodies* are!
So like in *both*, that you ſeem *born* to free
The *ſtærrie art* from *vulgar* Calumnie.
My *doubts* are ſolv'd from hence my *faith* begins,
Not only your *faces*, but your *wits* are *Twins*.

When this bright *Gemini* ſhall from earth aſcend,
They will *new light* to dull ey'd mankind lend,
Teach the *Star-gazers*, and delight their *Eyes*,
Being fixt a *Conſtellation* in the Skyes.

T. Powell Oxonienſis.

To

To my friend the Authour upon theſe his *Poems*.

I Call'd it once my *ſloth*: In ſuch an age
So many *Volumes deep*, I not a *page*?
But I recant, and vow 'twas thriftie Care
That kept my *Pen* from ſpending on *ſlight ware*,
And breath'd it for a *Prize*, whoſe pow'rfull *ſhine*
Doth both *reward* the ſtriver, and *refine*;
Such are thy *Poems*, friend: for ſince th'haſt writ,
I cann't reply to any *name*, but *wit*;
And leſt amidſt the *throng* that make us *grone*,
Mine prove a groundleſs *Hereſie* alone,
Thus I diſpute, Hath there not rev'rence bin
Pay'd to the *Beard* at doore, for *Lord* within?
Who notes the *ſpindle-leg*, or *hollow eye*
Of the *thinne Uſher*, the *faire Lady* by?
Thus I *ſinne* freely, *neighbour* to a *hand*
Which while I aime to *ſtrengthen*, gives *Command*
For my *protection*, and thou art to me
At once my *Subject* and *Securitie*.

I. Rowlandſon Oxonienſis.

Vpon the following *Poems.*

I Write not here, as if thy *laſt* in ſtore (*more*;
Of learned *friends*, 'tis known that thou haſt
Who, were they told of this, would find a way
To riſe a guard of *Poets* without *pay*,
And bring as many *hands* to thy *Edition*,
As th'*City* ſhould unto their *May'rs* Petition,
But thou wouldſt none of this, leſt it ſhould be
Thy *Muſter* rather, than our *Courteſie*;
Thou wouldſt not beg as *Knights* do, and appeare
Poet by *Voice*, and *ſuffrage* of the *Shire*,
That were enough to make my *Muſe* advance
Amongſt the *Crutches*, may it might enhance
Our *Charity*, and we ſhould think it fit
The *State* ſhould build an *Hoſpital* for wit.
But here needs no *reliefe*: Thy richer *Verſe*
Creates all *Poets*, that can but *reherſe*,
And they, like *Tenants* better'd by their *land*,
Should pay thee *Rent* for what they underſtand,

Thou

Thou art not of that *lamentable Nation*,
Who make a bleſſed *Alms* of *approbation*,
Whoſe *fardel-notes* are *Briefes* in ev'ry thing,
But, that they are not licens'd *By the King*.
Without ſuch *ſcrape-requeſts* thou doſt come for
Arm'd (though I ſpeak it) with thy *proper wor*
And needeſt not this *noiſe* of friends, for wee
Write out of *love*, not thy *neceſſitie*;
And though this *ſullen age* poſſeſſed be
With ſome ſtrange *Deſamour* to Poetrie,
Yet I ſuſpect (thy fancy ſo delights)
The *Puritans* will turn thy *Proſelytes*,
And that thy *flame* when once abroad it *ſhines*,
Will bring thee as many *friends*, as thou haſt *lin*

EUGENIUS PHILALETHE
Oxonienſis.

To

Olor Iſcanus.

To the River *Iſca.*

WHen *Daphne*'s Lover here firſt wore the *Bayes*,
Eurotas ſecret ſtreams heard all his *Layes*.
And holy *Orpheus*, Natures *buſie* Child
By headlong *Hebru* his deep *Hymns* Com-
Soft *Petrarch* (thaw'd by *Laura*'s flames did weep (pil'd.
On *Tybers* banks, when ſhe (*prou'd fair!*) cou'd ſleep;
Moſella boaſts *Auſonius*, and the *Thames*
Doth murmure *SIDNEYS Stella* to her *ſtreams*,
While *Severn* ſworn with *Joy* and *ſorrow*, wears
Caſtara's ſmiles mixt with fair *Sabrin*'s tears.
Thus *Poets* (like the *Nymphs*, their *pleaſing themes*)
Haunted the *bubling Springs* and *gliding ſtreams*,
And *happy banks*! whence ſuch *fair flowres* have ſprung;
But happier thoſe where they have *ſate* and *ſung!*
Poets (like *Angels*) where they once appear
Hallow the *place*, and each ſucceeding year
Adds *rev'rence* to't, ſuch as at length doth give
This aged faith, *That there their Genii live.*
Hence th'*Auncients* ſay, That, from this *ſickly aire*
They paſſe to *Regions* more *refin'd* and *faire*,
To *Meadows* ſtrow'd with *Lillies* and the *Roſe*,
And *ſhades* whoſe *youthfull green* no *old age* knowes,
Where all in *white* they walk, diſcourſe, and Sing
Like Bees *ſoft murmurs*, or a *Chiding Spring*.
But *Iſca*, whenſoe'r thoſe *ſhades* I ſee,
And thy *lov'd Arbours* muſt no more *know* me,
When I am layd to *reſt* hard by thy *ſtreams*,
And my *Sun ſets*, where firſt it *ſprang* in beams,

I'le leave behind me ſuch a *large, kind light,*
As ſhall *redeem* thee from *oblivious night,*
And in theſe *vowes* which (living yet) I pay
Shed ſuch a *Previous* and *Enduring Ray,*
As ſhall from age to age thy *fair name* lead
'Till *Rivers* leave to *run*, and *men* to *read.*

First, may all *Bards* born after me
(When I am *aſhes*) ſing of thee!
May thy *green banks* and *ſtreams* (or none)
Be both their *Hill* and *Helicon*;
May *Vocall Groves* grow there, and all
The *ſhades* in them *Prophetical*,
Where (laid) men ſhall more *faire truths* ſee
Than *fictions* were of *Theſſalie.*
May thy gentle *Swains* (like *flowres*)
Sweetly ſpend their *Youthfull houres*,
And thy *beauteous Nymphs* (like *Doves*)
Be *kind* and *faithfull* to their *Loves*;
Garlands, and *Songs*, and *Roundelayes*,
Mild, dewie *nights*, and Sun-ſhine *dayes*,
The *Turtles voyce*, *Joy* without *fear*,
Dwell on thy *boſome* all the year!
May the *Evet* and the *Tode*
Within thy Banks have no abode,
Nor the *wilie*, *winding Snake*
Her *voyage* through thy *waters* make.
In all thy *Journey* to the *Main*
No *nitrous Clay*, nor *Brimſtone-vein*
Mixe with thy *ſtreams*, but may they paſſe
Freſh as the *aire*, and cleer as *Glaſſe*,
And where the *wandring Chryſtal* treads
Roſes ſhall *kiſſe*, and *Comple* heads.
The *factour-wind* from far ſhall bring
The *Odours* of the *Scatter'd* Spring,
And *loaden* with the rich *Arreare*,
Spend it in *Spicie whiſpers* there.
No *ſullen heats*, nor *flames* that are
Offenſive, and *Canicular*,

Shine on thy *Sands*, nor *pry* to ſee
Thy *Scalie*, *ſhading familie*,
But *Noones* as mild as *Heſper's* rayes,
Or the firſt *bluſhes* of fair dayes.
What *gifts* more *Heav'n* or *Earth* can adde
With all thoſe *bleſſings* be thou *Clad*!
Honour, *Beautie*,
Faith and *Dutie*,
Delight and *Truth*,
With *Love*, and *Youth*
Crown all about thee! And what ever *Fate*
Impoſe elſe-where, whether the graver ſtate,
Or ſome toy elſe, may thoſe *lowd*, *anxious Cares*
For *dead* and *dying things* (the Common *wares*
And *ſhowes* of time) ne'r break thy *Peace*, nor make
Thy *repos'd Armes* to a new warre *awake*!
But *Freedome*, *ſafety*, *Joy* and *bliſſe*
United in one loving *kiſſe*
Surround thee quite, and *ſtile* thy borders
The Land redeem'd from all diſorders!

The Charnel-houſe.

BLeſſe me! what damps are here? how ſtiſſe an aire?
Kelder of miſts, a ſecond *Fiats* care,
Frontſpeece o'th' grave and darkneſs, a Diſplay
Of ruin'd man, and the diſeaſe of day;
Leane, bloudleſs ſhamble, where I can deſcrie
Fragments of men, Rags of Anatomie;
Corruptions ward-robe, the tranſplantive bed
Of mankind, and th'Exchequer of the dead.
How thou arreſts my ſenſe? how with the ſight
My *winter'd* bloud growes ſtiffe to all delight?
Torpedo to the Eye! whoſe leaſt glance can
Freeze our wild luſts, and reſcue head-long man;
Eloquent ſilence! able to Immure
An *Atheiſts* thoughts, and blaſt an *Epicure*.

Were I a *Lucian*, Nature in this dreſſe
Would make me wiſh a Saviour, and Confeſſe.
Where are you ſhoreleſs thoughts, vaſt tenter'd hope,
Ambitious dreams, *Aymes* of an Endleſs ſcope,
Whoſe ſtretch'd Exceſſe runs on a ſtring too high
And on the rack of ſelf-extenſion dye?
Chamcleons of ſtate, Aire-monging band,
Whoſe breath (like Gun-powder) blowes up a land,
Come ſee your diſſolution, and weigh
What a loath'd nothing you ſhall be one day,
As th' Elements by Circulation paſſe
From one to th'other, and that which firſt was
Is ſo again, ſo 'tis with you; The grave
And Nature but Complott, what the one gave,
The other takes; Think then, that in this bed
There ſleep the Reliques of as proud a head
As ſtern and ſubtill as your own, that hath
Perform'd, or forc'd as much, whoſe tempeſt-wrath
Hath levell'd Kings with ſlaves, and wiſely then
Calme theſe high furies, and deſcend to men;
Thus *Cyrus* tam'd the *Macedon*, a tombe
Checkt him, who thought the world too ſtraight a Room.
Have I obey'd the *Powers* of face,
A beauty able to undoe the Race
Of eaſie man? I look but here, and ſtrait
I am Inform'd, the lovely Counterfeit
Was but a ſmoother Clay. That famiſh'd ſlave
Begger'd by wealth, who ſtarves that he may ſave,
Brings hither but his ſheet; Nay, th'*Oſtrich-man*
That feeds on *ſteele* and *bullet*, he that can
Outſwear his *Lordſhip*, and reply as tough
To a kind word, as if his tongue were *Buffe*,
Is *Chap* faln here, wormes without wit, or fear
Defie him now, death hath diſarm'd the *Bear*.
Thus could I run o'r all the pitteous ſcore
Of erring men, and having done meet more,
Their ſhuffled *wills*, abortive, vain *Intents*,
Phantaſtick *humours*, perillous *Aſcents*,

Falſ

Falſe, empty *honours*, traiterous *delights*,
And whatſoe'r a blind Conceit Invites;
But theſe and more which the weak vermins ſwell,
Are Couch'd in this Accumulative Cell
Which I could ſcatter; But the grudging Sun
Calls home his beams, and warns me to be gone,
Day leaves me in a double night, and I
Muſt bid farewell to my ſad library.
Yet with theſe notes. Henceforth with thought of thee
I'le ſeaſon all ſucceeding Jollitie,
Yet damn not mirth, nor think too much is fit,
Exceſſe hath no *Religion*, nor *wit*,
But ſhould wild bloud ſwell to a lawleſs ſtrain
On Check from thee ſhall *Channel* it again.

In Amicum fœneratorem.

THanks mighty *Silver*! I rejoyce to ſee
How I have ſpoyl'd his thrift, by ſpending thee.
Now thou art gone, he courts my wants with more,
His *Decoy* gold, and bribes me to reſtore.
As leſſer lode-ſtones with the *North* conſent
Naturally moving to their Element,
As bodyes ſwarm to th' Center, and that fire
Man ſtole from heaven, to heav'n doth ſtill aſpire,
So this vaſt crying ſumme drawes in a leſſe,
And hence this bag more Northward layd I gueſſe,
For 'tis of *Pole-ſtar* force, and in this ſphere
Though th'leaſt of many rules the maſter-bear.
Prerogative of debts! how he doth dreſſe
His meſſages in *Chink?* not an Expreſſe
Without a fee for reading, and 'tis fit,
For gold's the beſt reſtorative of wit,
O how he gilds them o'r! with what delight
I read thoſe lines, where Angels doe Indite!

I'le leave behind me ſuch a *large, kind light,*
As ſhall *redeem* thee from *oblivious night,*
And in theſe *vowes* which (living yet) I pay
Shed ſuch a *Previous* and *Enduring Ray,*
As ſhall from age to age thy *fair name* lead
'Till *Rivers* leave to *run,* and *men* to *read.*
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The *ſhades* in them *Proſpheticall,*
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But *Freedome*, *ſafety*, *Joy* and *bliſſe*
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Surround thee quite, and *ſtile* thy borders
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But theſe and more which the weak vermins ſwell,
Are Couch'd in this Accumulative Cell
Which I could ſcatter; But the grudging Sun
Calls home his beams, and warns me to be gone,
Day leaves me in a double night, and I
Muſt bid farewell to my ſad library.
Yet with theſe notes. Henceforth with thought of thee
I'le ſeaſon all ſucceeding Jollitie,
Yet damn not mirth, nor think too much is fit,
Exceſſe hath no *Religion*, nor *wit*,
But ſhould wild bloud ſwell to a lawleſs ſtrain
On Check from thee ſhall *Channel* it again.

In Amicum fœneratorem.

THanks mighty *Silver*! I rejoyce to ſee
How I have ſpoyl'd his thrift, by ſpending thee.
Now thou art gone, he courts my wants with more,
His *Decoy* gold, and bribes me to reſtore.
As leſſer lode-ſtones with the *North* conſent
Naturally moving to their Element,
As bodyes ſwarm to th' Center, and that fire
Man ſtole from heaven, to heav'n doth ſtill aſpire,
So this vaſt crying ſumme drawes in a leſſe,
And hence this bag more Northward layd I gueſſe,
For 'tis of *Pole-ſtar* force, and in this ſphere
Though th'leaſt of many rules the maſter-bear.
Prerogative of debts! how he doth dreſſe
His meſſages in *chink*? not an Expreſſe
Without a fee for reading, and 'tis fit,
For gold's the beſt reſtorative of wit,
O how he gilds them o'r! with what delight
I read thoſe lines, where Angels doe Indite?

Were I a *Lucian*, Nature in this dresse
Would make me wish a Saviour, and Confesse.
Where are you shoreless thoughts, vast tenter'd hope,
Ambitious dreams, *Aymes* of an Endless scope,
Whose stretch'd Excesse runs on a string too high
And on the rack of self-extension dye?
Chamæleons of state, Aire-monging band,
Whose breath (like Gun-powder) blowes up a land,
Come see your dissolution, and weigh
What a loath'd nothing you shall be one day,
As th' Elements by Circulation passe
From one to th'other, and that which first was
Is so again, so 'tis with you; The grave
And Nature but Complott, what the one gave,
The other takes; Think then, that in this bed
There sleep the Reliques of as proud a head
As stern and subtill as your own, that hath
Perform'd, or forc'd as much, whose tempest-wrath
Hath levell'd Kings with slaves, and wisely then
Calme these high furies, and descend to men;
Thus *Cyrus* tam'd the *Macedon*, a tombe
Checkt him, who thought the world too straight a Room.
Have I obey'd the *Powers* of face,
A beauty able to undoe the Race
Of easie man? I look but here, and strait
I am Inform'd, the lovely Counterfeit
Was but a smoother Clay. That famish'd slave
Begger'd by wealth, who starves that he may save,
Brings hither but his sheet; Nay, th'*Ostrich-man*
That feeds on *steele* and *bullet*, he that can
Outswear his *Lordship*, and reply as tough
To a kind word, as if his tongue were *Buffe*,
Is *Chap*-faln here, wormes without wit, or fear
Defie him now, death hath disarm'd the *Bear*.
Thus could I run o'r all the pitteous score
Of erring men, and having done meet more,
Their shuffled *wills*, abortive, vain *Intents*,
Phantastick *humours*, perillous *Ascents*,

Fal

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But wilt have money *Og*? muſt I diſpurſe?
Will nothing ſerve thee but a *Poets* curſe?
Wilt rob an Altar thou? and ſweep at once
What *Orpheus*-like I forc'd from ſtocks and ſtones?
'Twill never ſwell thy *Bag*, nor ring one peale
In thy dark *Cheſt*. Talk not of *Sheeves*, or gaole,
I fear them not. I have no land to glutt
Thy durty appetite, and make thee ſtrutt
Nimrod of acres; I'le no Speech prepare
To court the *Hopefull Cormorant*, thine heire.
Yet there's a Kingdome, at thy beck, if thou
But kick this droſſe, *Parnaſſus* flowrie brow
I'le give thee with my *Tempe*, and to boot
That horſe which ſtruck a fountain with his foot.
A Bed of Roſes I'le provide for thee,
And Chryſtal Springs ſhall drop thee melodie;
The breathing ſhades wee'l haunt, where ev'ry leafe
Shall *whiſper* us aſleep, though thou art deafe;
Thoſe waggiſh *Nymphs* too which none ever yet
Durſt make love to, wee'l teach thee Loving fit,
Wee'l ſuck the *Corall* of their lips, and feed
Upon their ſpicie breath, a meale at need,
Rove in their *Amber-treſſes*, and unfold
That gliſt'ring grove, the Curled wood of gold,
Then peep for babies, a new Puppet-play,
And riddle what their *pratling Eyes* would ſay.
But here thou muſt remember to diſpurſe,
For without money all this is a Curſe,
Thou muſt for more bags call, and ſo reſtore
This Iron-age to gold, as once before;
This thou muſt doe, and yet this is not all,
For thus the Poet would be ſtill in thrall,
Thou muſt then (if live thus) my neaſt of honey,
Cancell old bonds, and beg to lend more money.

To

To his friend——.

I Wonder, *James*, through the whole Hiſtorie
Of ages, ſuch *Entaile* of povertie
Are layd on Poets; Lawyers (they ſay) have found
A trick to cut them, would they were but bound
To practiſe on us, though for this thing wee
Should pay (if poſſible) their bribes and fee.
Search (as thou canſt) the old and moderne ſtore
Of *Rome* and ours, in all the wittie ſcore
Thou ſhalt not find a rich one; Take each Clime
And run o'r all the pilgrimage of time
Thou'lt meet them poor, and ev'ry where deſcrie
A thredbare, goldleſs genealogie.
Nature (it ſeems) when ſhe meant us for Earth
Spent ſo much of her treaſure in the birth
As ever after niggards her, and Shee,
Thus ſtor'd within, beggers us outwardly.
Wofull profuſion! at how dear a rate
Are wee made up? all hope of thrift and ſtate
Loſt for a verſe: When I by thoughts look back
Into the wombe of time, and ſee the Rack
Stand uſeleſs there, untill we are produc'd
Unto the torture, and our ſoules infus'd
To learn afflictions, I begin to doubt
That as ſome tyrants uſe from their chain'd rout
Of ſlaves to pick out one whom for their ſport
They keep afflicted by ſome lingring art,
So wee are meerly thrown upon the ſtage
The mirth of fooles, and Legend of the age.
When I ſee in the ruines of a ſute
Some nobler breſt, and his tongue ſadly mute
Feed on the *Vocall ſilence* of his Eye,
And knowing cannot reach the remedie,
When ſoules of baſer ſtamp ſhine in their ſtore,
And he of all the throng is only poore,

When *French* apes for forraign faſhions pay,
And *Engliſh* legs are dreſt th'outlandiſh way,
So fine too, that they their own ſhadows wooe,
While he walks in the *ſad* and *Pilgrim-ſhooe*,
I'm mad at Fate, and angry ev'n to ſinne,
To ſee deſerts and learning clad ſo thinne:
To think how th'earthly Uſurer can brood
Upon his bags, and weigh the pretious food
With palſied hands, as if his ſoul did feare
The Scales could rob him of what he layd there;
Like Divels that on hid Treaſures ſit, or thoſe
Whoſe jealous Eyes truſt not beyond their noſe
They guard the durt, and the bright Idol hold
Cloſe, and Commit adultery with gold.
A Curſe upon their droſſe! how have we ſued
For a few ſcatter'd *Chips?* how oft purſu'd
Petitions with a bluſh, in hope to ſqueeze
For their ſouls health, more than our wants a peece?
Their ſteel-rib'd Cheſts and Purſe (ruſt eat them both!)
Have coſt us with much paper many an oath,
And Proteſtations of ſuch ſolemn ſenſe,
As if our ſoules were ſureties for the Pence.
Should we a full nights learned cares preſent,
They'l ſcarce return us one ſhort houres Content,
'Las! they're but quibbles, things we Poets feign,
The ſhort-liv'd Squibs and Crackers of the brain.
But wee'l be wiſer, knowing 'tis not they
That muſt redeem the hardſhip of our way,
Whether a Higher Power, or that ſtarre
Which neereſt heav'n, is from the earth moſt far
Oppreſſe us thus, or angel'd from that Sphere
By our ſtrict Guardians are kept luckleſs here,
It matters not, wee ſhall one day obtain
Our native and Celeſtiall ſcope again.

To his retired friend, an Invitation to *Brecknock.*

SInce laſt wee met, thou and thy horſe (my dear,)
Have not ſo much as drunk, or litter'd here,
I wonder, though thy ſelf be thus deceaſt,
Thou haſt the ſpite to Coffin up thy beaſt;
Or is the *Palfrey* ſick, and his rough hide
With the penance of *One Spur* mortifide?
Or taught by thee (like *Pythagoras's Oxe*)
Is then his maſter grown more *Orthodox*?
What ever 'tis, a ſober cauſe't muſt be
That thus long bars us of thy Companie.
The Town believes thee loſt, and didſt thou ſee
But half her ſuffrings, now diſtreſt for thee,
Thou'ldſt ſwear (like *Rome*) her foule, polluted walls
Were ſackt by *Brennus*, and the ſalvage *Gaules*.
Abominable face of things: here's noiſe
Of bang'd Mortars, blew Aprons, and Boyes,
Pigs, Dogs, and Drums, with the hoarſe helliſh notes
Of politickly-deafe Uſurers throats,
With new fine *Worſhips*, and the old caſt *teame*
Of Juſtices vext with the *Cough*, and *flegme*.
Midſt theſe the *Croſſe* looks ſad, and in the *Shire-Hall furs* of an old *Saxon Fox* appear,
With brotherly Ruffs and Beards, and a ſtrange ſight
Of high Monumentall Hats t'ane at the ſight
Of *Eighty eight*; while ev'ry *Burgeſſe* foots
The mortall *Pavement* in eternall boots.
Hadſt thou been batc'lour, I had ſoon divin'd
Thy Cloſe retirements, and Monaſtick mind,
Perhaps ſome Nymph had been to viſit, or
The beauteous Churle was to be waited for,
And like the *Greek*, e'r you the ſport would miſſe
You ſtai'd, and ſtroak'd the *Diſtaffe* for a kiſſe.

But

But in this age, when thy coole, ſettled bloud
Is ty'd t'one fleſh, and thou almoſt grown good,
I know not how to reach the ſtrange device,
Except (*Domitian* like) thou murther'ſt flyes;
Or is't thy pietie? for who can tell
But thou may'ſt prove devout, and love a Cell,
And (like a Badger) with attentive looks
In the dark hole ſit rooting up of books.
Quick Hermit! what a peaceſull Change hadſt thou
Without the noiſe of *haire-cloth*, *whip*, or *Vow*?
But is there no redemption? muſt there be
No other penance but of liberty?
Why two months hence, if thou continue thus
Thy memory will ſcarce remain with us,
The Drawers have forgot thee, and exclaim
They have not ſeen thee here ſince *Charles* his raign,
Or if they mention thee, like ſome old man,
That at each word inſerts — Sir, *as I can*
Remember — So the *Cyph'rers* puzzle mee
With a dark, cloudie character of thee.
That (certs!) I fear thou wilt be loſt, and wee
Muſt ask the *Fathers* e'r 't be long for thee.
Come! leave this ſullen ſtate, and let not Wine
And precious Witt lye dead for want of thine,
Shall the dull *Market-land-lord* with his *Rout*
Of ſneaking Tenants durtily ſwill out
This harmleſſe liquor? ſhall they knock and beat
For Sack, only to talk of *Rye*, and *wheat*?
O let not ſuch prepoſt'rous tipling be
In our *Metropolis*, may I ne'r ſee
Such *Tavern-ſacrilege*, nor lend a line
To weep the *Rapes* and *Tragedy* of wine!
Here lives that *Chimick*, quick fire which betrayes
Freſh Spirits to the bloud, and warms our layes,
I have reſerv'd 'gainſt thy approach a Cup
That were thy Muſe ſtark dead, ſhall raiſe her up,
And teach her yet more Charming words and skill
Than ever *Cælia*, *Chloris*, *Aſtrophil*,

Or any of the Thredbare names Inſpir'd
Poore riming lovers with a *Miſtris* fir'd.
Come then! and while the ſlow Iſicle hangs
At the ſtiffe thatch, and Winters froſty pangs
Benumme the year, blith (as of old) let us
'Midſt noiſe and War, of Peace, and mirth diſcuſſe.
This portion thou wert born for: why ſhould wee
Vex at the times ridiculous miſerie?
An age that thus hath fool'd it ſelfe, and will
(Spite of thy teeth and mine) perſiſt ſo ſtill.
Let's ſit then at this *fire*, and while wee ſteal
A Revell in the Town, let others ſeal,
Purchaſe or Cheat, and who can, let them pay,
Till thoſe black deeds bring on the darkſome day;
Innocent ſpenders wee! a better uſe
Shall wear out our ſhort Leaſe, and leave th'obtuſe
Rout to their *huſks*; They and their bags at beſt
Have cares in *earneſt*, wee care for a *Jeſt*.

Monſieur Gombauld.

I'Ave read thy Souls fair night-peece, and have ſeen
Th'*Amours* and Courtſhip of the *ſilent Queen*,
Her ſtoln deſcents to Earth, and what did move her
To Juggle firſt with *Heav'n*, then with a *Lover*,
With *Latmos* lowder reſcue, and (alas!)
To find her out a *Hue and Crie* in Braſſe,
Thy Journall of deep Myſteries, and ſad
Nocturnall Pilgrimage, with thy dreams clad
In fancies darker than thy *Cave*, Thy *Glaſſe*
Of ſleepie draughts, and as thy ſoul did paſſe
In her calm voyage what diſcourſe ſhe heard
Of Spirits, what dark Groves and ill-ſhap'd guard
Iſmena lead thee through, with thy proud flight
O'r *Periardes*, and deep, muſing night

Neere

Neere fair *Eurotas* banks, what ſolemn *green*
The neighbour ſhades weare, and what forms are ſeen
In their large Bowers, with that ſad path and ſeat
Which none but light-heeld *Nymphs* and *Fairies* heat;
Their ſolitary life, and how exempt
From Common frailtie, the ſevere contempt
They have of Man, their priviledge to live
A *Tree*, or *Fountain*, and in that *Reprieve*
What ages they conſume, with the ſad *Vale*
Of *Diophania*, and the mournfull tale,
Of th' bleeding vocall *Myrtle*; Theſe and more
Thy richer thoughts we are upon the ſcore
To thy rare fancy for, nor doeſt thou fall
From thy firſt Majeſty, or ought at all
Betray Conſumption, thy full vig'rous *Bayes*
Wear the ſame *green*, and ſcorn the lene decayes
Of *ſtile*, or *matter*; Juſt ſo have I known
Some *Chryſtal* ſpring, that from the neighbour down
Deriv'd her birth, in gentle murmurs ſteal
To their next Vale, and proudly there reveal
Her ſtreams in lowder accents, adding ſtill
More noiſe and waters to her Channell, till
At laſt ſwoln with Increaſe ſhe glides along
The Lawnes and Meadows in a wanton throng
Of frothy billows, and in one great name
Swallows the tributary brooks drown'd fame.
Nor are they meere Inventions, for we
In th' ſame peece find ſcatter'd *Philoſophie*
And hidden, diſperſt truths that folded lye
In the dark ſhades of deep *Allegorie*,
So neatly weav'd, like *Arras*, they deſcrie
Fables with *Truth*, *Fancy* with *Hiſtorie*.
So that thou haſt in this thy curious mould
Caſt that commended mixture wiſh'd of old,
Which ſhall theſe Contemplations render far
Leſſe mu able, and laſting as their ſtar,
And while there is a *People*, or a *Sunne*,
Endymion ſtorie with the *Moon* ſhall runne.

An Elegie on the death of Mr. *R.W.* ſlain in the late unfortunate differences at *Routon* Heath, neer *Cheſter*, 1645.

I Am Confirm'd, and ſo much wing is given
To my wild thoughts, that they dare ſtrike at heav'n.
A full years griefe I ſtruggled with, and ſtood
Still on my ſandy hopes uncertain good,
So loth was I to yeeld, to all thoſe fears
I ſtill oppos'd thee, and denyed my tears.
But thou art gone! and the untimely loſſe
Like that one day, hath made all others Croſſe.
Have you ſeen on ſome Rivers flowrie brow
A well-built *Elme* or ſtately *Cedar* grow,
Whoſe Curled tops gilt with the Morning-ray
Becken'd the Sun, and whiſperd to the day,
When unexpected from the angry *North*
A fatall ſullen whirle-wind ſallies forth,
And with a full-mouth'd blaſt rends from the ground
The *Shady twins*, which ruſhing ſcatter round
Their ſighing leafes, whilſt overborn with ſtrength,
Their trembling heads bow to a proſtrate length;
So forc'd fell he; So Immaturely Death
Stifled his able heart and active breath.
The world ſcarce knew him yet, his early Soule
Had but new-broke her day, and rather ſtole
A ſight, than gave one; as if ſubt'ly ſhe
Would learn our ſtock, but hide his treaſurie.
His years (ſhould time lay both his *wings* and *glaſſe*
Unto his charge) could not be ſumm'd (alas!)
To a full *ſcore*; Though in ſo ſhort a ſpan
His riper thoughts had purchas'd more of man
Than all thoſe worthleſs livers, which yet quick,
Have quite outgone their own *Arithmetick*.
He ſeiz'd perfections, and without a dull
And moſſie *gray* poſſeſs'd a ſolid skull,

No Crooked knowledge neither, nor did he
Wear the friends name for Ends and policie,
And then lay't by; As those *lost Youths* of th'stage
Who only flourish'd for the *Play's* short age
And then retir'd, like *Jewels* in each part
He wore his friends, but chiefly at his heart.
Nor was it only in this he did excell,
His equall valour could as much, as well.
He knew no *fear* but of his *God*; yet durst
No injurie, nor (as some have) e'r pur'st
The sweat and tears of others, yet would be
More forward in a royall gallantrie
Than all those vast pretenders, which of late
Swell'd in the ruines of their King and State.
He weav'd not *Self-ends*, and the *Publick* good
Into one piece nor with the peoples bloud
Fill'd his own veins; In all the doubtfull way
Conscience and *Honour* rul'd him. O that day
When like the *Fathers* in the *Fire* and *cloud*
I mist thy face! I might in ev'ry *Crowd*
See Armes like thine, and men advance, but none
So neer to lightning mov'd, nor so fell on.
Have you observ'd how soon the nimble *Eye*
Brings th' *Object* to *conceit*, and doth so vie
Performance with the *Soul*, that you would swear
The *Act* and *apprehension* both lodg'd there,
Just so mov'd he: like *shott* his active hand
Drew bloud, e'r well the foe could understand.
But here I lost him. Whether the last turn
Of thy few sands call'd on thy hastie urn,
Or some fierce rapid fate (hid from the Eye)
Hath hurl'd thee Pris'ner to some distant skye
I cannot tell, but that I doe believe
Thy Courage such as scorn'd a base Reprieve.
What ever 'twas, whether that day thy breath
Suffer'd a *Civill* or the *common* death,
Which I doe most suspect, and that I have
Fail'd in the *glories* of so known a grave,

Though

Though thy lov'd aſhes miſſe me, and mine Eyes
Had no acquaintance with thy Exequies,
Nor at the laſt farewell, torn from thy ſight
On the *cold ſheet* have fix'd a *ſad delight*,
Yet what e'r pious hand (in ſtead of mine)
Hath done this office to that duſt of thine,
And till thou riſe again from thy low bed
Lent a Cheap pillow to thy quiet head,
Though but a private *turffe*, it can do more
To keep thy name and memory in ſtore
Than all thoſe *Lordly fooles* which lock their bones
In the dumb piles of Cheſted braſſe, and ſtones.
Th'art rich in thy own fame, and needeſt not
Theſe *Marble-faulties*, nor the *gilded blot*
Of poſthume honours; There is not one ſand
Sleeps o'r thy grave, but can outbid that hand
And pencill too, ſo that of force wee muſt
Confeſſe their *heaps* ſhew leſſer than thy *duſt*.
And (bleſſed ſoule!) though this my ſorrow can
Adde nought to thy perfections, yet as man
Subject to Envy, and the common fate
It may redeem thee to a fairer date;
As ſome blind Dial, when the day is done,
Can tell us at mid-night, *There was a Sun*,
So theſe perhaps, though much beneath thy fame,
May keep ſome weak remembrance of thy name,
And to the faith of better times Commend
Thy loyall upright life, and gallant End.

Nomen & arma locum ſervant, te, amice, nequivi
Conſpicere, ——

Upon

Upon a Cloke lent him by Mr. *J. Ridsley.*

HEre, take again thy *Sack-cloth*! and thank heav'n
Thy Courtship hath not kill'd me; Is't not Even
Whether wee dye by peecemeale, or at once
Since both but ruine, why then for the nonce
Didst husband my afflictions, and cast o're
Me this forc'd *Hurdle* to inflame the score?
Had I neer *London* in this *Rug* been seen
Without doubt I had executed been
For some bold *Irish* spy, and crosse a sledge
Had layn mess'd up for their *foure gates* and *bridge*.
When first I bore it, my oppressed feet
Would needs perswade me, 'twas some *Leaden sheet*;
Such deep impressions, and such dangerous holes
Were made, that I began to doubt my soals,
And ev'ry step (so neer necessity)
Devoutly wish'd some honest Cobler by,
Besides it was so short, the *Jewish* rag
Seem'd Circumcis'd, but had a *Gentile* shag.
Hadst thou been with me on that day, when wee
Left craggie *Biston*, and the fatall *Dee*,
When beaten with fresh storms, and late mishap
It shar'd the office of a *Cloke*, and *Cap*,
To see how 'bout my clouded head it stood
Like a thick *Turband*, or some Lawyers *Hood*,
While the stiffe, hollow pletes on ev'ry side
Like *Conduit-pipes* rain'd from the *Bearded hide*,
I know thou wouldst in spite of that day's fate
Let loose thy mirth at my new shape and state,
And with a shallow smile or two professe
Some *Sarazin* had lost the *Clowted Dresse*.
Didst ever see the *good wife* (as they say)
March in her short cloke on the *Christning* day,

Wi

With what ſoft motions ſhe ſalutes the Church,
And leaves the Bedrid Mother in the lurch;
Juſt ſo Jogg'd I, while my dull horſe did trudge
Like a Circuit-beaſt plagu'd with a goutie Judge.
But this was Civill. I have ſince known more
And worſer pranks: One night (as heretofore
Th' haſt known) for want of change (a thing which I
And *Bias* us'd before me) I did lye
Pure *Adamite*, and ſimply for that end
Reſolv'd, and made this for my boſome-*friend*.
O that thou hadſt been there next morn, that I
Might teach thee new *Micro-coſmo-graphie*!
Thou wouldſt have ta'ne me, as I naked ſtood,
For one of th' *ſeven pillars* before the floud,
Such *Characters* and *Hieroglyphicks* were
In one night worn, that thou mightſt juſtly ſweat
I'd ſlept in *Cere-cloth*, or at *Bedlam* where
The mad men lodge in ſtraw, I'le not forbear
To tell thee all, his wild *Impreſs* and *tricks*
Like *Speeds* old *Britans* made me look, or *Picts*;
His villanous, biting, *Wire-embraces*
Had ſeal'd in me more ſtrange formes and faces
Than *Children* ſee in dreams, or thou haſt read
In *Arras*, *Puppet-playes*, and *Ginger-bread*,
With *angled Schemes*, and *Croſſes* that bred fear
Of being handled by ſome *Conjurer*,
And neerer thou wouldſt think (ſuch *ſtrokes* were drawn)
I'd been ſome rough ſtatue of *Fetter-lane*,
Nay, I believe, had I that inſtant been
By *Surgeons* or *Apothecaries* ſeen,
They had Condemned my raz'd skin to be
Some walking *Herball*, or *Anatomie*.
But (thanks to th' day!) 'tis off. I'd now adviſe
Thee friend to put this peece to Merchandize;
The *Pedlars* of our age have buſineſs yet,
And gladly would againſt the *Fayr-day* hit
Themſelves with ſuch a *Roofe*, that can ſecure
Their *wares* from *Dogs* and *Cats* rain'd in ſhowre,

It ſhall performe; or if this will not doe
'Twill take the *Ale-wives* ſure; 'Twill make them *two*
Fine Roomes of *One*, and ſpread upon a ſtick
Is a partition without Lime or Brick.
Horn'd obſtinacie! how my heart doth fret
To think what *Mouthes* and *Elbowes* it would ſet
In a wet day? have you for two pence e're
Seen King *Harryes* Chappell at *Weſtminſter*,
Where in their duſtie gowns of *Braſſe* and *Stone*
The Judges lye, and markt you how each one
In ſturdie Marble-plets about the knee
Bears up to ſhew his legs and ſymmetrie?
Juſt ſo would this; That I think't weav'd upon
Some ſtiffneckt *Browniſts* exerciſing loome.
O that thou hadſt it when this Jugling fate
Of Souldierie firſt ſeiz'd me! at what rate
Would I have bought it then, what was there but
I would have giv'n for the *Compendious butt?*
I doe not doubt but (if the weight could pleaſe,)
'Twould guard me better than a *Lapland-leaſe*,
Or a *German* ſhirt with Inchanted lint
Stuft'd through, and th'devils *beard* and *face* weav'd in't.
But I have done. And think not, friend, that I
This freedome took to Jeere thy Courteſie,
I thank thee for't, and I believe my Muſe
So known to thee, thou'lt not ſuſpect abuſe;
She did this, 'cauſe (perhaps) thy *love* paid thus
Might with my *thanks* out-live thy *Cloke*, and *Vs.*

Upon Mr. *Fletchers* Playes, publiſhed, 1647.

I Knew thee not, nor durſt *attendance* ſtrive
Labell to *wit*, *Verſer remonſtrative*,
And in ſome *Suburb-page* (ſcandal to thine)
Like *Lent* before a *Chriſtmaſſe* ſcatter mine,

This ſpeaks thee not, ſince at the utmoſt rate
Such *remnants* from thy *peece* I intreat their date;
Nor can I *dub* the *Coppy*, or afford
Titles to *ſwell* the *reare* of *Verſe* with Lord,
Nor politickly big to *Inch* low fame
Stretch in the *glories* of a ſtrangers name,
And Clip thoſe *Bayes* I Court, weak *ſhriver* I,
But a faint *Echo* unto *Poetrie*.
I have not *Clothes* t'adopt me, nor muſt ſit
For *Pluſh* and *Velvets* ſake *Eſquire* of wit,
Yet *Modeſtie* theſe *Croſſes* would improve,
And *Rags* neer thee, ſome *Reverence* may move.
I did believe (great *Beaumont* being dead,)
Thy *Widow'd Muſe* ſlept on his *flowrie bed*;
But I am *richly* Coſen'd, and can ſee
Wit *tranſmigrates*, his *Spirit* ſtayd with thee,
Which *doubly* advantag'd by thy *ſingle* pen
In *life* and *death* now treads the *Stage* agen;
And thus are wee freed from that *dearth* of wit
Which *ſtarv'd* the Land ſince into *Schiſmes* ſplit,
Wherein th'haſt done ſo much, wee muſt needs gueſſe
Wits laſt *Edition* is now i'th' *Preſſe*,
For thou haſt *drain'd* Invention, and he
That writes hereafter, doth but *pillage* thee.
But thou haſt *plotts*; and will not the *Kirk* ſtrain
At the *Deſignes* of ſuch a *Tragick brain*?
Will they themſelves think ſafe, when they ſhall ſee
Thy moſt *abominable policie*?
Will not the *Eares* aſſemble, and think't fit
Their *Synod faſt*, and *pray*, againſt thy wit?
But they'le not *tyre* in ſuch an *idle Queſt*,
Thou doeſt but *kill*, and *Circumvent* in *Jeſt*,
And when thy anger'd Muſe *ſwells* to a blow
'Tis but for *Field's*, or *Swanſteed's* overthrow.
Yet ſhall theſe *Conqueſts* of thy *Bayes* outlive
Their *Scotiſh zeale*, and *Compacts* made to grieve
The *Peace* of *Spirits*, and when ſuch deeds fayle
Of their foule Ends, a *faire name* is thy *Bayle*.

But (happy thou!) ne'r ſaw'ſt theſe *ſtormes*, our *aire*
Teem'd with even in thy time, though *ſeeming faire*;
Thy gentle *Soule* meant for the *ſhade*, and *eaſe*
Withdrew betimes into the *Land* of *Peace*;
So *neaſted* in ſome Hoſpitable ſhore
The *Hermit-angler*, when the *mid-Seas* roare
Packs up his *lines*, and (ere the tempeſt *raves*,
Retyres, and leaves his *ſtation* to the *waves*.
Thus thou dieds't almoſt with our *peace*, and wee
This *breathing time* thy laſt fair *Iſſue* ſee,
Which I think ſuch (if *needleſs Ink* not ſoyle
So *Choice a Muſe*,) others are but thy *foile*;
This, or that *age* may write, but never ſee
A *wit* that dares run *Paralell* with thee.
True, *B E N* muſt live! but bate *him*, and thou haſt
Undone all *future wits*, and match'd the *paſt*.

Upon the *Poems* and *Playes* of the ever memorable Mr. *William Cartwright*.

I Did but *ſee* thee! and how *vain* it is
To *vex* thee for it with *Remonſtrances*,
Though *things* in faſhion, let thoſe *Judge*, who ſit
Their *twelve-pence* out, to *clap* their *hands* at *wit*.
I fear to *Sinne* thus *neer* thee; for (*great Saint!*)
'Tis known, *true beauty* hath no need of *paint*.
Yet, ſince a *Label* fixt to thy fair *Heavſe*
Is all the *Mode*, and *tears* put into *Verſe*
Can teach *Poſterity* our preſent *griefe*
And their own *loſſe*, but never give *reliefe*;
I'le tell them (and a *truth* which needs no *paſſe*,)
That *wit* in *Cartwright* at her *Zenith* was,
Arts, *Fancy*, *Language*, all *Conven'd* in thee,
With thoſe *grand Miracles* which *deifie*

The old worlds *writings*, kept yet from the *fire*,
Becauſe they *force* theſe worſt times to *admire*.
Thy matchleſs *Genius*, in all thou didſt write,
Like the *Sun*, wrought with ſuch *ſtayd heat*, and *light*,
That not a *line* (to the moſt *Critick* he)
Offends with *flaſhes*, or *obſcuritie*.
When thou the *wild* of *humours* trackſt, thy *pen*
So Imitates that *Motley ſtock* in men,
As if thou hadſt in all their *boſomes* been,
And ſeen thoſe *Leopards* that lurk within.
The am'rous *Youth* ſteals from thy *Courtly page*
His *vow'd Addreſſe*, the *Souldier* his *brave rage*;
And thoſe *ſoft beauteous Readers* whoſe *looks* can
Make ſome men *Poets*, and make any man
A *Lover*, when thy *Slave* but *ſeems* to dye,
Turn all his *Mourners*, and melt at the *Eye*.
Thus, thou thy *thoughts* haſt *dreſt* in ſuch a *ſtrain*
As doth not only *ſpeak*, but *rule* and *raign*,
Nor are thoſe *bodyes* they aſſum'd, *dark Clouds*,
Or a *thick bark*, but *clear*, *tranſparent ſhrouds*,
Which who *lookes* on, the *Rayes* ſo ſtrongly beat
They'l *bruſhe* and *warm* him with a *quickning heat*,
So *Souls* ſhine at the *Eyes*, and *Pearls* diſplay
Through the *looſe-Chryſtal-ſtreams* a *glaunce of day*.
But what's all this unto a *Royall Teſt*?
Thou art the *Man*, whom great *Charles* ſo expreſt!
Then let the *Crowd* refrain their *needleſs humme*,
When *Thunder* ſpeaks, then *Squibs* and *Winds* are *dumb*.

To the beſt, and moſt accompliſh'd Couple——

BLeſſings as rich and fragrant crown your heads
As the mild he v'n on *Roſes* ſheds,
When at their Cheeks (like Pearls) they weare
The Cl uds that court them in a teare,
And may they be fed from above
By him which firſt ordain'd your love!

Freſh as the *houres* may all your pleaſures be,
And healthfu'l as *Eternitie*!
Sweet as the flowres *firſt breath*, and Cloſe
As th'*unſeen ſpreadings* of the Roſe,
When he unfolds his Curtain'd head,
And makes his boſome the *Suns bed*.

Soft as *your ſelves* run your whole lifes, and cleare
As your own *glaſſe*, or *what ſhines* there;
Smoo h as heav'ns *face*, and bright as he
When without *Mask*, or *Tiffanie*,
In all your time not one *Faire* meet
But peace as ſilent as his *feet*.

Like the dayes *warmth* may all your Comforts be,
untoil'd for, and *Serene* as he,
Yet free and full as is that *ſheafe*
Of Sun-beams gilding ev'ry leafe,
When now the *tyrant-heat* expires
And his Cool'd locks breath milder fires.

And as thoſe *parcell'd glories* he doth ſhed
Are the *faire Iſſues* of his head,
Which ne'r ſo diſtant are ſoon known
By th' *heat* and *luſtre* for his own,
So may each branch of yours wee ſee
Your *Coppyes*, and our *wonders* be!

And

And when no more on Earth you muſt remain
Invited hence to heav'n again,
Then may your vertuous, virgin-flames
Shine in thoſe *Heires* of your fair names,
And teach the world that myſterie
Your ſelves in your Poſteritie!

So you to both worlds ſhall *rich preſents* bring,
And *gather'd* up to heav'n, leave here a *Spring*.

An Elegie on the death of Mr. *R. Hall*, ſlain at *Pontefract*, 1648.

I Knew it would be thus! and my Juſt fears
Of thy great ſpirit are Improv'd to tears.
Yet flow theſe not from any baſe diſtruſt
Of a fair name, or that thy honour muſt
Confin'd to thoſe cold reliques ſadly ſit
In the ſame Cell an obſcure Anchorite.
Such low diſtempers *Murther*, they that muſt
Abuſe thee ſo, *weep* not, but *wound* thy duſt.
But I paſt ſuch dimme Mourners can deſcrie
Thy fame above all Clouds of obloquie,
And like the Sun with his victorious rayes
Charge through that darkneſs to the laſt of dayes.
'Tis true, fair *Manhood* hath a *female* Eye,
And tears are beauteous in a Victorie,
Nor are wee ſo high-proofe, but griefe will find
Through all our guards a way to wound the mind;
But in thy fall what addes the brackiſh ſumme
More than a blott unto thy *Martyrdome*,
Which ſcorns ſuch wretched ſuffrages, and ſtands
More by thy ſingle worth, than our whole bands.
Yet could the puling tribute reſcue ought
In this ſad loſſe, or were thou to be brought

Back here by tears, I would in any wiſe
Pay down the ſumme, or quite Conſume my Eyes.
Thou fell'ſt our double ruine, and this rent
Forc'd in thy life ſhak'd both the *Church and tent*,
Learning in others ſteales them from the *Van*,
And baſely wiſe *Emaſculates* the man,
But lodged in thy brave ſoul the *bookiſh feat*
Serve'd only as the light unto thy *heat*;
Thus when ſome quitted action, to their ſhame,
And only got a *diſcreet Cowards* name,
Thou with thy bloud mad'ſt purchaſe of renown,
And diedſt the glory of the *Sword* and *Gown*.
Thy bloud hath hallow'd *Pomfret*, and this blow
(Prophan'd before) hath Church'd the Caſtle now.
Nor is't a Common valour we deplore,
But ſuch as with *fifteen* a *hundred* bore,
And lightning like (not coopt within a wall)
In ſtormes of *fire* and *ſteele* fell on them all.
Thou wert no *wool-ſack* ſouldier, nor of thoſe
Whoſe Courage lies in *winking* at their foes,
That live at *loop-holes*, and conſume their breath
On *Match* or *Pipes*, and ſometimes *peepe* at death;
No, it were ſinne to number theſe with thee,
But that (thus poiz'd) our loſſe wee better ſee.
The fair and open valour was thy *ſhield*,
And thy known ſtation, the *defying field*.
Yet theſe in thee I would not *Vertues* call,
But that this age muſt know, that thou hadſt all.
Thoſe richer graces that adorn'd thy mind
Like ſtars of the *firſt magnitude*, ſo ſhin'd,
That if oppos'd unto theſe leſſer lights
All we can ſay, is this, *They were fair nights*.
Thy *Piety* and *Learning* did unite,
And though with *Sev'rall beames* made up *one light*,
And ſuch thy Judgement was, that I dare ſwear
Whole *Counſels* might as ſoon, and *Synods* erre.
But all theſe now are out! and as ſome *Star*
Hurl'd in Diurnall motions from far,

And

And ſeen to droop at night, is vainly ſed
To fall, and find an *Occidentall bed*,
Though in that other world what wee Judge *weſt*
Proves *Elevation*, and a new, freſh *Eaſt*.
So though our weaker ſenſe denies us ſight
And bodies cannot trace the *Spirits* flight,
Wee know thoſe graces to be ſtill in thee,
But wing'd above us to eternitie.
Since then (thus flown) thou art ſo much refin'd,
That we can only reach thee with the mind,
I will not in this *dark* and *narrow glaſſe*
Let thy ſcant *ſhadow* for *Perfections* paſſe,
But leave thee to be read more high, more queint,
In thy own bloud a *Souldier* and a *Saint*.

——— *Salve æternum mihi maxime Palla!*
Æternumq́, vale! ———

To my learned friend, Mr. *T. Powell*, upon His Tranſlation of *Malvezzi's Chriſtian Politician.*

WEe thank you, worthy Sir, that now we ſee
Malvezzi languag'd like our Infancie,
And can without ſuſpition entertain
This forraign States-man to our breſt or brain,
You have enlarg'd his praiſe, and from your ſtore
By this Edition made his worth the more.
Thus by your learned hand (amidſt the *Coile*)
Outlandiſh plants thrive in our thankleſs ſoile,
And wiſe men after death, by a ſtrange fate,
Lye *Leiguer* here, and beg to ſerve our *State*.
Italy now, though *Miſtris* of the *Bayes*,
Waits on this *Wreath*, proud of a forraign praiſe,

For,

For, wiſe *Malvezzi*, thou didſt lye before
Confin'd within the language of one ſhore,
And like thoſe *Stars* which neer the *Poles* doe ſteer
Wer't but in one part of the *Globe* ſeen cleer,
Provence and *Naples* were the beſt and moſt
Thou couldſt ſhine in, fixt to that ſingle Coaſt,
Perhaps ſome *Cardinal* to be thought wiſe
And honeſt too, would ask, *what was thy price?*
Then thou muſt pack to *Rome*, where thou mightſt lye
E'r thou ſhouldſt have new cloathes eternally,
For though ſo neer the *ſeav'n hills*, ne'rtheleſſe
Thou cam'ſt to *Antwerp* for thy *Roman* dreſſe;
But now thou art come hither, thou mayſt run
Through any Clime as well known as the *Sun*,
And in thy *ſcv'rall dreſſes* like the *year*
Challenge acquaintance with each peopled Sphere.
Come then rare Politicians of the time,
Brains of ſome ſtanding, Elders in our Clime,
See here the method: A wiſe, ſolid ſtate
Is quick in acting, friendly in debate,
Ioynt in advice, in reſolutions juſt,
Mild in ſucceſſe, true to the Common truſt.
It cements ruptures, and by gentle hand
Allayes the heat and burnings of a land,
Religion guides it, and in all the Tract
Deſignes ſo twiſt, that heav'n confirms the act;
If from theſe liſts you wander as you ſteere,
Look back, and *Catechiſe* your actions here,
Theſe are the *Marks* to which true States-men tend,
And *greatneſs* here with *goodneſs* hath one End.

To my worthy friend Maſter *T. Lewes.*

SEes not my friend, what a deep ſnow
Candies our Countries wooddy brow?
The yeelding branch his load ſcarſe bears
Oppreſt with ſnow, and *frozen tears*;
While the *dumb* rivers ſlowly float,
All bound up in an *Icie Coat.*
Let us meet then! and while this world
In wild *Excentricks* now is hurld,
Keep wee, like nature, the ſame *Key*,
And walk in our forefathers way;
Why any more caſt wee an Eye
On what *may come*, not what is *nigh?*
Why vex our ſelves with *feare*, or *hope*
And cares beyond our *Horoſcope?*
Who into future times would peere
Looks oft beyond his terme ſet here,
And cannot goe into thoſe grounds
But through a *Church-yard* which them bounds;
Sorrows and ſighes and ſearches ſpend
And draw our bottome to an end,
But diſcreet Joyes lengthen the leaſe
Without which life were a diſeaſe,
And who this age a Mourner goes,
Doth with his tears but feed his foes.

To the most Excellently accomplish'd, Mrs *K. Philips.*

SAy wittie fair one, from what Sphere
Flow these rich numbers you shed here?
For sure such *Incantations* come
From thence, which strike your Readers dumbe;
A strain, whose measures gently meet
Like *Virgin-lovers*, or times *feet*,
Where language *Smiles*, and accents rise
As quick, and pleasing as your *Eyes*,
The *Poem* smooth, and in each line
Soft as *your selfe*, yet *Masculine*;
Where not Coorse trifles blot the page
With matter borrow'd from the age,
But thoughts as Innocent, and high
As *Angels* have, or *Saints* that dye.
These Raptures when I first did see
New miracles in Poetrie,
And by a hand, their good would misse
His *Bayes* and *Fountaines* but to kisse,
My weaker *Genius* (crosse to fashion)
Slept in a silent admiration,
A Rescue, by whose grave disguise
Pretenders oft have past for wise,
And yet as *Pilgrims* humbly touch
Those *Shrines* to which they bow so much;
And Clouds in Courtship flock, and run
To be the Mask unto the Sun,
So I concluded, It was true
I might at distance worship you
A *Persian* Votarie, and say
It was your light shew'd me the way.
So *Lodestones* guide the duller *Steele*,
And high perfections are the *Wheele*

Whic

Which moves the leſſe, for gifts divine
Are ſtrung upon a *Vital line*
Which touch'd by you, Excites in all
Affections *Epidemicall*.
And this made me (a truth moſt fit)
Adde my weak *Eccho* to your wit,
Which pardon, Lady, for Aſſayes
Obſcure as theſe might blaſt your Bayes,
As Common hands ſoyle *Flowres*, and make
That dew they wear, *weepe* the miſtake.
But I'le waſh off the *ſtaine*, and vow
No *Lawrel* growes, but for your *Brow*.

An Epitaph upon the Lady *Elizabeth*, Second Daughter to his late Majeſtie.

YOuth, Beauty, Vertue, Innocence
Heav'ns royall, and ſelect Expence,
With Virgin-tears, and ſighs divine,
Sit here the *Genii* of this ſhrine,
Where now (thy fair ſoule wing'd away,)
They guard the *Caſket* where ſhe lay.
Thou hadſt, e'r thou the light couldſt ſee,
Sorrowes layd up, and ſtor'd for thee,
Thou ſuck'dſt in woes, and the *breſts* lent
Their *Milk* to thee, but to lament;
Thy portion here was *griefe*, thy years
Diſtilld no other rain, but tears,
Tears without noiſe, but (underſtood)
As lowd, and ſhrill as any bloud;
Thou ſeem'ſt a *Roſe-bud* born in *Snow*,
A flowre of purpoſe ſprung to bow
To headleſs tempeſts; and, the rage
Of an Incenſed, ſtormie Age,

Others

Others, e're their afflictions grow,
Are tim'd, and ſeaſon'd for the blow,
But thine, as *Rhumes* the tend'reſt part,
Fell on a *young* and *harmleſs* heart.
And yet as *Balm-trees* gently ſpend
Their tears for thoſe, that doe them rend,
So mild and pious thou wert ſeen,
Though full of *Suffrings*, free from *ſpleen*,
Thou didſt nor murmure, nor revile,
But d·ank'ſt thy *wormwood* with a *ſmile*.
As envious Eyes blaſt, and Infect
And cauſe misfortunes by aſpect,
So thy ſad ſtars diſpens'd to thee
No Influxe, but Calamitie,
They view'd thee with *Ecclypſed* rayes,
And but the *back-ſide* of bright dayes.

* * *

Theſe were the Comforts ſhe had here,
As by an unſeen hand 'tis cleer,
Which now ſhe reads, and ſmiling wears
A Crown with him, who wipes off tears.

To Sir *William D'avenant*, upon his *Gondibert*.

WEll, wee are reſcued! and by thy rare Pen
Poets ſhall live, when *Princes* dye like men.
Th'haſt cleer'd the proſpect to our harmleſs *Hill*,
Of late years clouded with imputed Ill,
And the *Soft*, *youthfull Couples* there may move
As chaſt as *Stars* converſe and ſmile above.
Th'haſt taught their *Language*, and their *love* to flow
Calme as *Roſe-leafes*, and coole as *Virgin-ſnow*,
Which doubly feaſts us, being ſo refin'd
They both *delight*, and *dignifie* the mind,

Like to the watrie Muſick of ſome Spring,
Whoſe pleaſant flowings at once *waſh* and *ſing*.
And where before *Heroick Poems* were
Made up of *Spirits*, *Prodigies*, and *fear*,
And ſhew'd (through all the *Melancholy flight*,)
Like ſome dark Region overcaſt with night,
As if the Poet had been quite diſmay'd,
While only *Giants* and *Inchantments* ſway'd,
Thou like the *Sun*, whoſe Eye brooks no diſguiſe
Haſt Chas'd them hence, and with Diſcoveries
So rare and learned fill'd the place, that wee
Thoſe fam'd *Grandeza's* find out-done by thee,
And under-foot ſee all thoſe *Vizards* hurl'd,
Which bred the wonder of the former world.
'Twas dull to ſit, as our fore-fathers did,
At *Crums* and *Voyders*, and becauſe unbid
Refrain wiſe appetite. This made thy *fire*
Break through the *aſhes* of thy aged *Sire*
To lend the world ſuch a Convincing light
As ſhewes his *fancy* darker than his ſight.
Nor was't alone the *bars* and *length* of dayes
(Though thoſe gave *ſtrength* and *ſtature* to his *bayes*,)
Encounter'd thee, but what's an old Complaint
And kills the fancy, a *forlorn Reſtraint*;
How couldſt thou mur'd in ſolitarie ſtones (*grones*?
Dreſſe *BIRTHA'S ſimiles*, though well thou might'ſt her
And, ſtrangely Eloquent, thy ſelf divide
'Twixt *Sad misfortunes*, and a *Bloomie Bride*?
Through all the tenour of thy ample Song
Spun from thy own rich ſtore, and ſhar'd among
Thoſe fair *Adventurers*, we plainly ſee
Th' *Imputed* gifts, *Inherent* are in thee.
Then live for ever (and by high deſert)
In thy own *mirrour*, matchleſs *Gondibert*,
And in *bright Birtha* leave thy *love* Inſhrin'd
Freſh as her *Emrauld*, and *fair* as her *mind*,
While all Confeſſe thee (as they ought to doe)
The Prince of *Poets*, and of *Lovers* too.

*Triſtium Lib.*5°. *Eleg.*3ª.
To his fellow-Poets at *Rome*, upon the birth-day of *Bacchus*.

THis is the day (blith god of *Sack*) which wee
If I miſtake not, Conſecrate to thee,
When the ſoft *Roſe* wee marry to the *Bayes*,
And warm'd with thy own wine reherſe thy praiſe;
'Mongſt whom (while to thy *Poet* fate gave way)
I have been held no ſmall part of the day,
But now, dull'd with the Cold *Bears* frozen ſeat,
Sarmatia holds me, and the warlike *Gete*.
My former life, unlike to this my laſt,
With *Romes* beſt wits of thy full Cup did taſt,
Who ſince have ſeen the ſavage *Pontick* band,
And all the *Choler* of the Sea and Land:
Whether ſad Chance, or heav'n hath this deſign'd,
And at my birth ſome fatall Planet ſhin'd,
Of right thou ſhouldſt the *Siſters* knots undoe,
And free thy *Votarie* and *Poet* too.
Or are you Gods (like us) in ſuch a ſtate
As cannot alter the decrees of fate?
I know with much adoe thou didſt obtain
Thy *Jovial godhead*, and on earth thy pain
Was no whit leſſe, for wandring thou didſt run
To the *Getes* too, and Snow-weeping *Strymon*,
With *Perſia*, *Ganges*, and what ever ſtreams
The thirſty *Moore* drinks in the mid-day beames.
But thou wert twice-born, and the Fates to thee
(To make all ſure) doubled thy miſerie,
My ſuffrings too are many: if it be
Held ſafe for me to boaſt adverſitie,
Nor was't a Common blow, but from above
Like his, that died for Imitating *Jove*,
Which when thou heardſt, a ruine ſo divine
And *Mother*-like, ſhould make thee pitty mine.

And on this day, which *Poets* unto thee
Crown with full bowles, ask, *what's become of me?*
Help buckſome God then! ſo may thy lov'd *Vine*
Swarm with the num'rous grape, and *big* with Wine
Load the kind *Elm*, and ſo thy *Orgyes* be
With prieſts lowd ſhowtes, and *Satyrs* kept to thee!
So may in death *Lycurgus* ne'r be bleſt,
Nor *Pentheus* wandring ghoſt find any reſt!
And ſo for ever bright (thy Chiefe deſires,)
May thy *wifes Crown* outſhine the leſſer fires!
If but now, mindfull of my love to thee,
Thou wilt, in what thou canſt, my helper be.
You *Gods* have Commerce with your ſelves, try then
If *Cæſar* will reſtore me *Rome* agen.
And you my truſty friends (the Jollie Crew
Of careleſs *Poets*,) when, without me, you
Perform this dayes glad Myſt'ries, let it be
Your firſt Appeal unto his Deitie,
And let one of you (touch'd with my ſad name)
Mixing his wine with tears, lay down the ſame,
And (ſighing) to the reſt this thought Commend,
O! where is Ovid *now our baniſh'd friend?*
This doe, if in your breſts I e'r deſerv'd
So large a ſhare, nor ſpitefully reſerv'd,
Nor baſely ſold applauſe, or with a brow
Condemning others, did my ſelfe allow.
And may your happier wits grow lowd with fame
As you (my beſt of friends!) preſerve my name.

De Ponto, Lib. 3°.

To his friends (after his many ſollicitations) refuſing to petition *Cæſar* for his releaſement.

YOu have Conſum'd my language, and my pen
Incens'd with begging ſcorns to write agen.

You grant, you knew my ſute: My Muſe, and I
Had taught it you in frequent Elegie,
That I believe (yet ſeal'd) you have divin'd
Our *Repetitions*, and *foreſtal'd* my mind,
So that my thronging Elegies, and I
Have made you (more then *Poets*) propheſie.
But I am now awak'd; forgive my dream
VVhich made me Croſſe the *Proverb* and the *Stream*,
And pardon, friends, that I ſo long have had
Such good thoughts of you, I am not ſo mad
As to continue them. You ſhall no more
Complain of troubleſome *Verſe*, or write o're
How I endanger you, and vex my *wife*
VVith the ſad legends of a baniſh'd life.
I'le bear theſe plagues my ſelfe: for I have paſt
Through greater ones, and can as well at laſt
Theſe pettie Croſſes. 'Tis for ſome young beaſt
To kick his bands, or wiſh his neck releaſt
From the ſad Yoke. Know then, That as for me
VVhom Fate hath us'd to ſuch calamitie,
I ſcorn her ſpite and yours, and freely dare
The higheſt ills your malice can prepare.
'Twas Fortune threw me hither, where I now
Rude *Getes* and *Thrace* ſee, with the ſnowie brow
Of Cloudie *Æmus*, and if ſhe decree
Her ſportive pilgrims *laſt bed* here muſt be
I am content; nay more, ſhe cannot doe
That A[illegible]hich I would not conſent unto.
I can delight in vain hopes, and deſire
That ſtate more then her *Change* and *Smiles*, then high'r
I hugge a ſtrong *deſpaire*, and think it brave
To *baffle* faith, and give thoſe hopes a *grave*.
Have you not ſeen cur'd wounds enlarg'd, and he
That with the firſt wave ſinks, yielding to th'tree
VVaters, without th'Expence of armes or breath
Hath ſtill the eaſieſt, and the quickeſt death.
VVhy nurſe I ſorrows then? why theſe deſires
Of Changing *Scythia* for the *Sun* and *fires*

Of

Of ſome calm kinder aire? what did bewitch
My frantick hopes to flye ſo vain a pitch,
And thus out-run my ſelf? Mad-man! could I
Suſpect fate had for me a Courteſie?
Theſe errours grieve: And now I muſt forget
Thoſe pleas'd *Idæa's* I did frame and ſet
Unto my ſelfe, with many fancyed *Springs*
And *Groves*, whoſe only loſſe new ſorrow brings.
And yet I would the worſt of fate endure,
E're you ſhould be repuls'd, or leſſe ſecure,
But (baſe, low ſoules!) you left me not for this,
But 'cauſe you durſt not. *Cæſar* could not miſſe
Of ſuch a trifle, for I know that he
Scorns the *Cheap triumphs* of my miſerie.
Then ſince (degen'rate friends) not he, but you
Cancell my hopes; and make afflictions new,
You ſhall Confeſſe, and fame ſhall tell you, I
At *Iſter* dare as well as *Tyber* dye.

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*De Ponto, lib.*4°. *Eleg.*3ª.

To his Inconſtant friend, tranſlated for the uſe of all the *Judaſes* of this touch-ſtone-Age.

SHall I complain, or not? Or ſhall I maſk
Thy hatefull name, and in this bitter taſk
Maſter my juſt Impatience, and write down
Thy crime alone, and leave the reſt unknown?
Or wilt thou the ſucceeding years ſhould ſee
And teach thy perſon to poſteritie?
No, hope it not; for know, moſt wretched man,
'Tis not thy baſe and weak detraction can
Buy thee a *Poem*, nor move me to give
Thy name the honour in my Verſe to live.
Whilſt yet my *Ship* did with no ſtormes diſpute
And temp'rate winds *fed* with a calme ſalute

My proſp'rous ſailes, thou wert the only man
That with me then an equall fortune ran,
But now ſince angry heav'n with Clouds and night
Stifled thoſe *Sun*-beams, thou haſt ta'ne thy flight,
Thou know'ſt I want thee, and art meerly gone
To ſhun that reſcue, I rely'd upon;
Nay, thou diſſembleſt too, and doeſt diſclame
Not only my *Acquaintance*, but my name;
Yet know (though deafe to this) that I am he
Whoſe *years* and *love* had the ſame *Infancie*
With thine, Thy *deep familiar*, that did ſhare
Soules with thee, and partake thy *Joyes* or *Care*,
Whom the ſame *Rooſe* lodg'd, and my *Muſe* thoſe nights
So ſolemnly endear'd to her delights;
But now, perfidious traitour, I am grown
The *Abject* of thy breſt, not to be known
In that *falſe Cloſet* more; Nay, thou wilt not
So much as let me know, I am forgot.
If thou wilt ſay, thou didſt not love me, then
Thou didſt diſſemble: or, if love agen,
Why now Inconſtant? came the Crime from me
That wrought this Change? Sure, if no Juſtice be
Of my ſide, thine muſt have it. Why doſt hide
Thy reaſons then? for me, I did ſo guide
My ſelfe and actions, that I cannot ſee
What could offend thee, but my miſerie.
'Las! if thou wouldſt not from thy ſtore allow
Some reſcue to my wants, at leaſt I know
Thou couldſt have writ, and with a line or two
Reliev'd my *famiſh'd Eye*, and eas'd me ſo.
I know not what to think! and yet I hear,
Not pleas'd with this, th'art *witty*, and doſt Jeare;
Bad man! thou haſt in this thoſe tears kept back
I could have ſhed for thee, ſhouldſt thou but lack.
Know'ſt not that *Fortune* on a *Globe* doth ſtand,
Whoſe *upper* ſlipprie part without command
Turns *loweſt* ſtill? the ſportive leafes and wind
Are but dull *Emblems* of her fickle mind.

In the whole world there's nothing I can ſee
Will throughly parallel her wayes, but thee.
All that we hold, hangs on a ſlender twine
And our beſt ſtates by ſudden chance decline;
Who hath not heard of *Cræſus* proverb'd gold
Yet knowes his foe did him a pris'ner hold?
He that once aw'd *Sicilia*'s proud Extent
By a poor art could famine ſcarſe prevent;
And mighty *Pompey* e'r he made an end
Was glad to beg his ſlave to be his friend;
Nay, he that had ſo oft *Romes* Conſull bin,
And forc'd *Jugurtha*, and the *Cimbrians* in,
Great *Marius*! with much want, and more diſgrace
In a foul Marſh was glad to hide his face.
A divine hand ſwayes all mankind, and wee
Of one ſhort houre have not the certaintie;
Hadſt thou one day told me, the time ſhould be
When the *Getes* bowes, and th'*Euxine* I ſhould ſee,
I ſhould have check'd thy madneſs, and have thought
Th' hadſt need of all *Anticira* in a draught;
And yet 'tis come to paſſe! nor though I might
Some things foreſee, could I procure a ſight
Of my whole deſtinie, and free my ſtate
From thoſe eternall, higher *tyes* of fate.
Leave then thy pride, and though now *brave* and *high*,
Think thou mayſt be as *poore* and *low* as *I*.

Triſtium Lib. 3°. *Eleg.* 3ª.

To his Wife at *Rome*, when he was ſick.

Dearest! if you thoſe fair Eyes (wondring) ſtick
On this ſtrange Character, know, *I am ſick*.
Sick in the *skirts* of the loſt world, where I
Breath hopeleſs of all Comforts, but to dye.

What heart (think'ſt thou?) have I in this ſad ſeat
Tormented 'twixt the *Sauromate* and *Gete?*
Nor *aire* nor *water* pleaſe: their very *skie*
Looks ſtrange and unaccuſtom'd to my Eye,
I ſcarſe dare breath it, and I know not how
The Earth that bears me ſhewes unpleaſant now.
Nor *Diet* here's, nor *lodging* for my Eaſe,
Nor any one that *ſtudies* a diſeaſe;
No friend to comfort me, none to defray
With ſmooth diſcourſe the Charges of the day.
All tir'd alone I lye, and (thus) what e're
Is abſent, and at *Rome* I fancy here,
But when thou com'ſt, I blot the *Airie Scrowle*,
And give thee full poſſeſſion of my ſoule,
Thee (abſent) I embrace, thee only *voice*,
And night and day *beſy* a Husbands Joyes;
Nay, of thy name ſo oft I mention make
That I am thought diſtracted for thy ſake;
When my tir'd Spirits faile, and my ſick heart
Drawes in that *fire* which actuates each part,
If any ſay, th'art come! I force my pain,
And hope to ſee thee, gives me life again.
Thus I for thee, whilſt thou (perhaps) more bleſt
Careleſs of me doeſt breath all peace and reſt,
Which yet I think not, for (*Deare Soule!*) too well
Know I thy griefe, ſince my firſt woes befell.
But if ſtrict heav'n my ſtock of dayes hath ſpun
And with my life my errour wilbe gone,
How eaſie then (*O Cæſar!*) wer't for thee
To pardon one, that now doth ceaſe to be?
That I might yeeld my native aire this breath,
And baniſh not my aſhes after death;
Would thou hadſt either ſpar'd me untill dead,
Or with my bloud redeem'd my abſent head,
Thou ſhouldſt have had both freely, but O! thou
Wouldſt have me live to dye an *Exile* now.
And muſt I then from *Rome* ſo far meet death,
And double by the place my loſſe of breath?

Nor

Nor in my laſt of houres on my own bed
(In the ſad Conflict) reſt my dying head ?
Nor my ſoules *whiſpers* (the laſt pledge of life,)
Mix with the tears and kiſſes of a wife ?
My laſt words none muſt treaſure, none will riſe
And (with a teare) ſeal up my vanquiſh'd Eyes,
Without theſe *Rites* I dye, diſtreſt in all
The *ſplendid ſorrowes* of a Funerall,
Unpittied, and unmourn'd for, my ſad head
In a ſtrange Land goes friendleſs to the dead.
When thou hear'ſt this, O how thy faithfull ſoule
Will ſink, whilſt griefe doth ev'ry part controule !
How often wilt thou look this way, and Crie,
O where is't yonder that my love doth lye !
Yet ſpare theſe tears, and mourn not now for me,
Long ſince (*dear heart* !) have I been dead to thee,
Think then I dyed, when *Thee* and *Rome* I loſt
That death to me more griefe then this hath Coſt ;
Now, if thou canſt (but thou canſt not) *beſt wife*
Rejoyce, my Cares are ended with my life,
At leaſt, yeeld not to ſorrowes, frequent uſe
Should make theſe miſeries to thee no newes.
And here I wiſh my Soul died with my breath
And that no part of me were free from death,
For, if it be Immortall, and outlives
The body, as *Pythagoras* believes,
Betwixt theſe *Sarmates ghoſts*, a *Roman I*
Shall wander, vext to all Eternitie.
But thou (for after death I ſhall be free,)
Fetch home theſe bones, and what is left of me,
A few *Flowres* give them, with ſome *Balme*, and lay
Them in ſome *Suburb-grave* hard by the way,
And to Informe poſterity, who's there,
This ſad Inſcription let my marble weare,
„ *Here lyes the ſoft-ſoul'd Lecturer of Love,*
„ *whoſe envy'd wit did his own ruine prove.*
But thou, (who e'r thou beeſt, that paſſing by
Lendſt to this *ſudden ſtone* a *haſtie* Eye,

If e'r thou knew'ſt of *Love* the ſweet diſeaſe,
Grudge not to ſay, *May* Ovid *reſt in peace!*
This for my tombe: but in my books they'l ſee
More ſtrong and laſting Monuments of mee,
Which I believe (though fatall) will afford
An Endleſs name unto their ruin'd Lord.
And now thus gone, It reſts for love of me
Thou ſhewſt ſome ſorrow to my memory;
Thy Funerall offrings to my aſhes beare
With Wreathes of *Cypreſſe* bath'd in many a teare,
Though nothing there but duſt of me remain,
Yet ſhall that *Duſt* perceive thy pious pain.
But I have done, and my tyr'd ſickly head
Though I would fain write more, deſires the bed;
Take then this word (perhaps my laſt to tell)
Which though I want, I wiſh it thee, *Fare-well.*

Auſonii Cupido, Edyl. 6.

IN thoſe bleſt fields of *Everlaſting aire*
(Where to a *Myrtle*-grove the ſoules repaire
Of deceas'd *Lovers*,) the ſad, thoughtfull ghoſts
Of *Injur'd Ladyes* meet, where each accoaſts
The other with a ſigh, whoſe very breath
Would break a heart, and (*kind Soules!*) love in death.
A thick wood clouds their *walks*, where day ſcarce peeps,
And on each hand Cypreſſe and Poppey *ſleepes*,
The drowſie Rivers *ſlumber*, and *Springs* there
Blab not, but ſoftly melt into a teare,
A ſickly dull aire *fans* them, which can have
When moſt in force ſcarce breath to *build* a wave.
On either bank through the ſtill ſhades appear
A *Scene* of penſive flowres, whoſe boſomes wear
Drops of a *Lover's* bloud, the *Emblem'd* truths
Of deep deſpair, and Love-ſlain *Kings* and *Youths.*
The *Hyacinth*, and ſelf-enamour'd Boy
Narciſſus flouriſh there, with *Venus* Joy

The

The ſpruce *Adonis*, and that *Prince* whoſe flowre
Hath ſorrow languag'd on him to this houre;
All ſad with love they hang their heads, and grieve
As if their paſſions in each leafe did *live*;
And here (*alas*!) theſe ſoft-ſoul'd Ladies ſtray,
And (oh! too late!) treaſon in love betray.
Her blaſted birth ſad *Semele* repeats,
And with her *tears* would quench the thund'rers *heats*,
Then ſhakes her boſome, as if fir'd again,
And fears another lightnings *flaming train*.
The lovely *Pocris* (here) bleeds, ſighes, and ſwounds,
Then wakes, and kiſſes him that gave her wounds.
Sad *Hero* holds a torch forth, and doth light
Her loſt *Leander* through the waves and night.
Her *Boateman* deſp'rate *Sapho* ſtill admires,
And nothing but the *Sea* can quench her *fires*.
Diſtracted *Phœdra* with a reſtleſs Eye
Her diſdain'd Letters reads, then caſts them by.
Rare, faithfull *Thysbe* (ſequeſtred from theſe)
A ſilent, unſeen ſorrow doth beſt pleaſe,
For her *Loves* ſake, and laſt *good-night*, poor ſhe
Walks in the ſhadow of a *Mulberrie*.
Neer her young *Canace* with *Dido* ſits
A lovely Couple, but of deſp'rate wits,
Both dy'd alike, both pierc'd their tender breſts,
This with her *Fathers* Sword, that with her *Gueſts*.
Within the thickeſt *textures* of the Grove
Diana in her *Silver-beams* doth rove,
Her Crown of ſtars the *pitchie aire* Invades,
And with a faint light *gilds* the ſilent ſhades,
Whilſt her ſad thoughts fixt on her *ſleepie Lover*
To *Latmos*-hill, and his retirements move her.
A thouſand more through the wide, darkſome wood
Feaſt on their cares, the *Maudlin-Lovers* food,
For *griefe* and *abſence* doe but *Edge* deſire,
And Death is *fuell* to a Lovers *fire*.
To ſee theſe *Trophies* of his wanton bow
Cupid comes in, and all in triumph now

(Raſh,

(Raſh, unadviſed Boy!) diſperſeth round
The ſleepie Miſts, his *Wings* and *quiver* wound
With noiſe the quiet aire. This ſudden ſtirre
Betrayes his *godſhip*, and as we from far
A clouded, ſickly *Moon* obſerve, ſo they
Through the *falſe Miſts* his *Eclyps'd torch* betray.
A hot purſute thy make, and though with care,
And a ſlow wing he ſoftly *ſtems* the aire,
Yet they (as ſubtill now as he) ſurround
His ſilenc'd courſe, and with the thick night bound
Surprize the *Wag*. As in a dream we ſtrive
To voyce our thoughts, & vainly would revive
Our Entraunc'd tongues, but can not ſpeech enlarge
'Till the Soule wakes and reaſſumes her Charge,
So joyous of their *Prize*, they flock about
And vainly *Swell* with an *Imagin'd* ſhout.

Far in theſe ſhades, and melancholy Coaſts
A *Myrtle* growes, well known to all the ghoſts,
Whoſe ſtretch'd top (like a *great man* rais'd by Fate)
Looks big, and ſcorns his neighbours low eſtate;
His *leavy arms* into a *green Cloud* twiſt,
And on each Branch doth *ſit* a lazie miſt.
A fatall tree, and luckleſs to the gods,
Where for *diſdain* in life (loves *worſt* of *Ods*,)
The *Queen* of ſhades, fair *Proſerpine* did rack
The ſad *Adonis*, hither now they pack
This little *God*, where, firſt diſarm'd, they *bind*
His ſkittiſh wings, then both his hands behind
His back they tye, and thus ſecur'd at laſt
The *peeviſh wanton* to the tree make faſt.
Here at adventure without *Judge* or Jurie
He is condemn'd, while with united furie
They all aſſaile him; As a thiefe at Bar
Left to the Law, and mercy of his Star,
Hath *Bills* heap'd on him, and is queſtion'd there
By all the men that have been rob'd that year,
So now what ever *Fate*, or their own *Will*
Scor'd up in life, *Cupid* muſt pay the bill.

Their

Their *Servants* falſhood, Jealouſie, diſdain,
And all the plagues that *abus'd Maids* can feign,
Are layd on him, and then to heighten ſpleen
Their own deaths crown the ſumme. Preſt thus between
His faire accuſers, 'tis at laſt decreed,
He by thoſe weapons, that they died, ſhould bleed.
One graſps an *airie Sword*, a ſecond holds
Illuſive *fire*, and in *vain*, wanton folds
Belyes a flame; Others leſſe kind appear
To let him bloud, and from the purple tear
Create a *Roſe*. But *Sapho* all this while
Harveſts the aire, and from a thicken'd pile
Of Clouds like *Leucas-top*, ſpreads underneath
A *Sea* of *Miſts*, the peacefull billowes breath
Without all noiſe, yet ſo exactly move
They ſeem to *Chide*, but diſtant from above
Reach not the eare, and (thus prepar'd) at once
She doth o'rwhelm him with the *airie Sconce*.
Amidſt theſe tumults, and as fierce as they
Venus ſteps in, and without thought, or ſtay
Invades her *Son*; her old diſgrace is caſt
Into the *Bill*, when *Mars* and *Shee* made *faſt*
In their Embraces were expos'd to all
The *Scene* of gods ſtark naked in their *fall*.
Nor ſerves a *verball* penance, but with haſt
From her fair brow (O happy flowres ſo plac'd!)
She tears a *Roſie garland*, and with this
Whips the *untoward Boy*, they gently kiſſe
His *ſnowie skin*, but ſhe with angry haſt
Doubles her ſtrength, untill bedew'd at laſt
With a thin bloudie ſweat, their *Innate Red*,
(As if griev'd with the Act) grew pale and dead.
This *layd* their ſpleen: And now (*kind ſoules!*) no more
They'l puniſh him, the torture that he bore,
Seems greater then his crime; with joynt Conſent
Fate is made guilty, and *he* Innocent.
As in a dream with dangers we conteſt,
And *fictious pains* ſeem to afflict our reſt,

So

So frighted only in theſe ſhades of night
cupid (got looſe) ſtole to the upper light,
Where ever ſince (for malice unto theſe)
The *ſpitefull Ape* doth either *Sex* diſpleaſe.
But O that had theſe *Ladyes* been ſo wiſe
To keep his *Arms*, and give him but his *Eyes*!

Boet. Lib. I. *Metrum* I.

I Whoſe firſt year flouriſh'd with youthfull verſe,
In ſlow, ſad numbers now my griefe reherſe;
A broken ſtile my ſickly lines afford,
And only tears give weight unto my words;
Yet neither faith nor force my Muſe cou'd fright
The only faithfull Conſort of my flight;
Thus what was once my green years greateſt glorie,
Is now my Comfort, grown decay'd and hoarie,
For killing Cares th'Effects of age ſpurr'd on
That griefe might find a fitting Manſion;
O'r my young head runs an untimely gray,
And my looſe skin ſhrinks at my blouds decay.
Happy the man! whoſe death in proſp'rous years
Strikes not, nor ſhuns him in his age and tears.
But O how deafe is ſhe to hear the Crie
Of th' oppreſt Soule, or ſhut the weeping Eye!
While treacherous Fortune with ſlight honours fed
My firſt eſtate, ſhe almoſt drown'd my head,
But now ſince (clouded thus) ſhe hides thoſe rayes,
Life adds unwelcom'd length unto my dayes;
Why then, my friends, Judg'd you my ſtate ſo good?
He that may fall once, never firmly ſtood.

Metrum

Metrum 2.

O In what haſte with Clouds and Night
Ecclyps'd, and having loſt her light,
The dull Soule whom diſtraction rends
Into outward Darkneſs tends!
How often (by theſe miſts made blind,)
Have earthly cares oppreſt the mind!
This Soule ſometimes wont to ſurvey
The ſpangled *Zodiacks firie way*
Saw th'early Sun in Roſes dreſt
With the Coole Moons unſtable Creſt,
And whatſoever wanton Star
In various Courſes neer or far
Pierc'd through the orbs, he cou'd full well
Track all her Journey, and would tell
Her Manſions, turnings, Riſe and fall,
By Curious Calculation all.
Of ſudden winds the hidden Cauſe,
And why the Calm Seas quiet face
With Impetuous waves is Curld,
What ſpirit wheeles th'harmonious world,
Or why a Star dropt in the *weſt*
Is ſeen to riſe again by *Eaſt*,
Who gives the warm Spring temp'rate houres
Decking the Earth with ſpicie flowres,
Or how it Comes (for mans recruit)
That Autumne yeelds both Grape and fruit,
With many other Secrets, he
Could ſhew the Cauſe and Myſterie,
But now that light is almoſt out,
And the brave Soule lyes Chain'd about
With outward Cares, whoſe penſive weight
Sinks down her Eyes from their firſt height,
And clean Contrary to her birth
Poares on this vile and fooliſh Earth.

Metrum 4.

WHoſe calme ſoule in a ſettled ſtate
Kicks under foot the frowns of Fate,
And in his fortunes bad or good
Keeps the ſame temper in his bloud,
Not him the flaming Clouds above,
Nor *Ætna*'s fierie tempeſts move,
No fretting ſeas from ſhore to ſhore
Boyling with Indignation o're
Nor burning thunderbolt that can
A mountain ſhake, can ſtirre this man.
Dull Cowards then! why ſhould we ſtart
To ſee theſe tyrants act their part?
Nor hope, nor fear what may befall
And you diſarm their malice all.
But who doth faintly fear, or wiſh
And ſets no law to what is his,
Hath loſt the buckler, and (poor Elfe!)
Makes up a Chain to bind himſelfe.

Metrum 5.

OThou great builder of this ſtarrie frame,
Who fixt in thy eternall throne doſt tame
The rapid Spheres, and leſt they jarre
Haſt giv'n a law to ev'ry ſtarre!
Thou art the Cauſe that now the Moon
With full orbe dulls the ſtarres, and ſoon
Again growes dark, her light being done,
The neerer ſtill ſhe's to the Sun.
Thou in the early hours of night
Mak'ſt the coole Evening-ſtar ſhine bright,
And at Sun-riſing ('cauſe the leaſt)
Look pale and ſleepie in the Eaſt.

Thou,

Thou, when the leaſes in Winter ſtray,
Appointſt the Sun a ſhorter way,
And in the pleaſant Summer-light
With nimble houres doeſt wing the night.
Thy hand the various year quite through
Diſcreetly tempers, that what now
The North-wind tears from ev'ry tree
In Spring again reſtor'd we ſee.
Then what the *winter-ſtarrs* between
The furrowes in meer ſeed have ſeen
The Dog-ſtar ſince (grown up and born)
Hath burnt in ſtately, full-ear'd Corn.
Thus by Creations law controll'd
All things their proper ſtations hold
Obſerving (as thou didſt intend)
Why they were made, and for what end.
Only humane actions thou
Haſt no Care of, but to the flow
And Ebbe of Fortune leav'ſt them all,
Hence th' Innocent endures that thrall
Due to the wicked, whilſt alone
They ſit poſſeſſours of his throne,
The Juſt are kill'd, and Vertue lyes
Buried in obſcurities,
And (which of all things is moſt ſad)
The good man ſuffers by the bad.
No perjuries, nor damn'd pretence
Colour'd with holy, lying ſenſe
Can them annoy, but when they mind
To try their force, which moſt men find.
They from the higheſt ſway of things
Can pull down great, and pious Kings.
O then at length, thus looſely hurl'd
Look on this miſerable world
Who e'r thou art, that from above
Doeſt in ſuch order all things move!
And let not man (of divine art
Not the leaſt, nor vileſt part)

By Caſuall evills thus bandied, be
The ſport of fates obliquitie.
But with that faith thou guid'ſt the heaven,
Settle this Earth, and make them even.

Metrum 6.

WHen the Crabs fierce Conſtellation
Burns with the beams of the bright Sun,
Then he that will goe out to ſowe,
Shall never reap where he did plough,
But in ſtead of Corn may rather
The old worlds diet, Accorns gather.
Who the Violet doth love
Muſt ſeek her in the flowrie grove,
But never when the *Norths* cold wind
The *Ruſſet* fields with froſt doth bind.
If in the Spring-time (to no end)
The tender Vine for Grapes we bend,
Wee ſhall find none, for only (ſtill)
Autumne doth the Wine-preſſe fill.
Thus for all things (in the worlds prime)
The wiſe God ſeal'd their proper time,
Nor will permit thoſe ſeaſons he
Ordain'd by turns, ſhould mingled be;
Then whoſe wild actions out of ſeaſon
Croſſe to nature, and her reaſon,
VVould by new wayes old orders rend,
Shall never find a happy End.

Metrum 7.

CUrtain'd with Clouds in a dark night
The Stars cannot ſend forth their light,
And if a ſudden Southern blaſt
The Sea in rolling waves doth caſt,

That angrie Element doth boile,
And from the deep with ſtormy Coile
Spues up the Sands, which in ſhort ſpace
Scatter, and puddle his Curl'd face;
Then thoſe Calme waters, which but now
Stood clear as heavens unclouded brow,
And like tranſparent glaſſe did lye
Open to ev'ry ſearchers Eye,
Look foulely ſtirr'd, and (though deſir'd)
Reſiſt the ſight, becauſe bemir'd,
So often from a high hills brow
Some Pilgrim-ſpring is ſeen to flow,
And in a ſtraight line keep her Courſe
'Till from a Rock with headlong force
Some broken peece blocks up her way
And forceth all her ſtreams aſtray.
Then thou that with inlightned Rayes,
Wouldſt ſee the truth, and in her wayes
Keep without *Errour*; neither fear
The future, nor too much give ear
To preſent Joyes; And give no ſcope
To griefe, nor much to flatt'ring hope.
For when theſe Rebels raign, the mind
Is both a Pris'ner, and ſtark blind.

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*Lib.*2. *Metrum* 1.

F*Ortune* (when with raſh hands ſhe quite turmoiles
The ſtate of things, and in tempeſtuous foiles
Comes whirling like *Euripus*,) beats quite down
With headlong force the higheſt Monarchs crown,
And in his place unto the throne doth fetch
The deſpis'd looks of ſome mechanick wretch.
So Jeſts at tears and miſeries, is proud,
And laughs to hear her vaſſals grone aloud.
Theſe are her ſports, thus ſhe her wheele doth drive
And plagues man with her blind prerogative;

Nor is't a favour of Inferiour ſtrain,
If once kickt down, ſhe lets him riſe again.

Metrum 2.

IF with an open, bounteous hand
(Wholly left at Mans Command)
Fortune ſhould in one rich flow
As many heaps on him beſtow
Of maſſie gold, as there be ſands
Toſt by the waves and winds rude bands,
Or bright ſtars in a Winter-night
Decking their ſilent Orbs with light,
Yet would his luſt know no reſtraints,
Nor ceaſe to weep in ſad Complaints.
Though heaven ſhould his vowes reguard,
And in a prodigall reward
Return him all he could implore,
Adding new honours to his ſtore,
Yet all were nothing. Goods in ſight
Are ſcorn'd, and luſt in greedy flight
Layes out for more; What meaſure then
Can tame theſe wild deſires of men?
Since all wee give both laſt and firſt
Doth but inflame, and feed their thirſt;
For how can he be rich, who 'midſt his ſtore
Sits ſadly pining, and believes he's poore.

Metrum 3.

WHen the Sun from his Roſie bed
The dawning light begins to ſhed,
The drowſie sky uncurtains round,
And the (but now bright) ſtars all drown'd
In one great light, look dull and tame,
And homage his victorious flame.

Thus,

Thus, when the warm *Etesian* wind
The Earth's seald bosome doth unbind,
Straight she her various store discloses,
And purples every Grove with Roses;
But if the Souths tempestuous breath
Breaks forth, those blushes pine to death.
Oft in a quiet sky the deep
With unmov'd waves seems fast asleep,
And oft again the blustring North
In angrie heaps provokes them forth.
If then this world, which holds all Nations,
Suffers it selfe such alterations,
That not this mighty, massie frame,
Nor any part of it can Claime
One certain course, why should man prate,
Or Censure the designs of Fate?
Why from fraile honours, and goods lent
Should he expect things permanent?
Since 'tis enacted by divine decree
That nothing mortall shall eternall be.

Metrum 4.

WHo wisely would for his retreat
Build a secure and lasting seat,
Where stov'd in silence he may sleep
Beneath the *wind*, above the *Deep*;
Let him th' high hils leave on one hand,
And on the other the false sand;
The first to winds lyes plain and even
From all the blustring points of heaven;
The other hollow and unsure,
No weight of building will endure.
Avoyding then the envied state
Of buildings bravely situate,
Remember thou thy selfe to lock
Within some low neglected Rock;

There when fierce heaven in thunder Chides,
And winds and waves rage on all ſides,
Thou happy in the quiet ſenſe
Of thy poor Cell with ſmall Expence
Shall lead a life ſerene and faire,
And ſcorn the anger of the aire.

Metrum 5.

HAppy that firſt white age! when wee
Lived by the Earths meere Charitie,
No ſoft luxurious Diet then
Had Effeminated men,
No other meat, nor wine had any
Then the Courſe Maſt, or ſimple honey,
And by the Parents care layd up
Cheap *Berries* did the Children ſup.
No pompous weare was in thoſe dayes
Of gummie Silks, or Skarlet bayes,
Their beds were on ſome flowrie brink
And clear Spring-water was their drink.
The ſhadie Pine in the Suns heat
Was their Coole and known Retreat,
For then 'twas not cut down, but ſtood
The youth and glory of the wood.
The daring Sailer with his ſlaves
Then had not cut the ſwelling waves,
Nor for deſire of forraign ſtore
Seen any but his native ſhore.
No ſtirring Drum had ſcarr'd that age,
Nor the ſhrill Trumpets active rage,
No wounds by bitter hatred made
With warm bloud ſoil'd the ſhining blade;
For how could hoſtile madneſs arm
An age of love to publick harm?
When Common Juſtice none withſtood,
Nor ſought rewards for ſpilling bloud.

O that at length our age would raiſe
Into the temper of thoſe dayes!
But (worſt then *Ætna*'s fires!) debate
And Avarice inflame our ſtate.
Alas! who was it that firſt found
Gold hid of purpoſe under ground,
That ſought out Pearles, and div'd to find
Such pretious perils for mankind!

Metrum 6.

HE that thirſts for glories prize,
Thinking that the top of all,
Let him view th'Expanſed skies,
And the Earths Contracted ball,
'Twill ſhame him then, the name he wan
Fils not the ſhort *walk* of one man.

2.

O why vainly ſtrive you then
To ſhake off the bands of Fate,
Though fame through the world of men
Should in all tongues your names relate,
And with proud titles ſwell that ſtorie
The Darke grave ſcorns your brighteſt glorie.

3.

There with Nobles beggers ſway,
And Kings with Commons ſhare one duſt,
What newes of *Brutus* at this day,
Or *Fabricius* the Juſt?
Some rude *Verſe* Cut in ſtone, or led
Keeps up the names, but they are dead.

4.

So ſhall, you one day (paſt reprieve)
Lye (perhaps) without a name,
But if dead you think to live
By this aire of humane fame,
Know, when time ſtops that poſthume breath,
You muſt endure a ſecond death.

Metrum 7.

THat the world in conſtant *force*
Varies her *Concordant courſe*;
That *ſeeds* jarring *hot* and *cold*
Doe the *breed* perpetuall hold;
That in his golden Coach the *Sun*
Brings the *Roſie day* ſtill on;
That the *Moon* ſwayes all thoſe *lights*
Which *Heſper* uſhers to *dark nights*;
That *alternate tydes* be found
The Seas *ambitious* waves to bound,
Leſt o'r the wide Earth without End
Their *fluid Empire* ſhould extend;
All this frame of *things* that *be*,
Love which rules *Heaven*, *Land*, and *Sea*,
Chains, keeps, orders as we ſee.
This, if the raines he once caſt by,
All things that now by turns comply,
Would fall to diſcord, and this frame
Which now by ſociall faith they tame,
And comely orders in that fight
And jarre of things would periſh quite.
This in a holy league of peace
Keeps King and People with Increaſe;
And in the ſacred nuptiall bands
Tyes up chaſt hearts with willing hands,
And this keeps firm without all doubt
Friends by his bright Inſtinct found out.
O happy Nation then were you
If love which doth all things ſubdue,
That rules the ſpacious heav'n and brings
Plenty and Peace upon his wings,
Might rule you too! and without guile
Settle once more this floting Ile!

Casimirus, Lib.4. Ode 28.

ALl-mighty *Spirit* ! thou that by
Set *turns* and *changes* from thy high
And glorious *throne*, dost here below
Rule all, and all things dost *foreknow*;
Can those *blind plots* wee here discusse
Please thee, as thy *wise Counsels* us?
When thou thy *blessings* here dost strow,
And poure on *Earth*, we flock and flow
With *Joyous strife*, and *eager care*
Strugling which shall have the best share
In thy *rich gifts*, just as we see
Children about *Nuts* disagree,
Some that a *Crown* have got and foyl'd
Break it; Another sees it *spoil'd*
E're it is *gotten*: Thus the *world*
Is all to *peece-meals* cut, and hurl'd
By *factious hands*, It is a *ball*
Which *Fate* and *force* divide 'twixt all
The *Sons* of *men*. But ô good God!
While these for *dust* fight, and a *Clod*,
Grant that poore I may *smile*, and be
At rest, and *perfect peace* with thee.

Casimirus, Lib.2. Ode 8.

IT would lesse vex *distressed man*
If *Fortune* in the same *pace* ran
To *ruine* him, as he did *rise*;
But highest *states* fall in a trice.
No *great Successe* held ever *long*:
A restless *fate* afflicts the throng
Of *Kings* and *Commons*, and lesse dayes
Serve to *destroy* them, then to *raise*.

Good luck *ſmiles* once an age, but *bad*
Makes *Kingdomes* in a *minute* ſad,
And ev'ry *houre* of *life* wee drive,
Hath o're us a *Prerogative*.
Then leave (by *wild Impatience* driv'n,
And *raſh reſents*,) to rayle at *heav'n*,
Leave an *unmanly*, *weak complaint*
That *Death* and *Fate* have no reſtraint.
In the ſame houre that gave thee *breath*,
Thou hadſt ordain'd thy houre of *death*,
But *he* lives *moſt*, who here will *buy*
With a few tears, *Eternitie*.

Caſimirus, *Lib.* 3. *Ode* 22.

LEt not thy *youth* and *falſe delights*
Cheat thee of *life*; Thoſe *headdy flights*
But waſt thy *time*, which poſts away
Like *winds* unſeen, and ſwift as they.
Beauty is but meer *paint*, whoſe *die*
With times *breath* will *diſſolve* and *flye*,
'Tis *wax*, 'tis *water*, 'tis a *glaſſe*
It *melts*, *breaks*, and *away* doth *paſſe*.
'Tis like a *Roſe* which in the *dawne*
The *aire* with gentle breath doth *fawne*
And *whiſper* too, but in the houres
Of *night* is ſullied with ſmart ſhowres.
Life ſpent, is wiſh'd for but in vain,
Nor can paſt *years* come back again.
Happy the *Man*! who in this *vale*
Redeems his time, ſhutting out all
Thoughts of the *world*, whoſe *longing Eyes*
Are ever *Pilgrims* in the *skyes*,
That views his *bright home*, and deſires
To *ſhine* amongſt thoſe *glorious fires*.

Caſimirus Lyric. Lib. 3. Ode 23.

'TIs not *rich furniture* and *gems*
With *Cedar-roofes*, and ancient *ſtems*,
Nor yet a *plenteous*, *laſting flood*
Of *gold*, that makes man *truly good*.
Leave to Inquire in what *faire fields*
A *River* runs which *much gold* yeelds,
Vertue alone is the *rich prize*
Can purchaſe *ſtars*, and buy the *skies*.
Let others build with *Adamant*,
Or pillars of *carv'd Marble* plant,
Which *rude* and *rough* ſometimes did dwell
Far under *earth*, and neer to *hell*.
But *richer* much (from *death* releaſt)
Shines in the *freſh groves* of the *Eaſt*
The *Phœnix*, or thoſe *fiſh* that dwell
With *ſilver'd ſcales* in *Hiddekel*.
Let others with rare, various *Pearls*
Their *garments* dreſſe, and in *forc'd Curls*
Bind up their *locks*, look *big* and *high*,
And ſhine in *robes* of *Scarlet-die*.
But in my thoughts more *glorious* far
Thoſe *native ſtars*, and *ſpeckles* are
Which *birds* wear, or the *ſpots* which wee
In *Leopards* diſperſed ſee.
The harmleſs *ſheep* with her warm *fleece*
Cloathes *man*, but who his *dark heart* ſees
Shall find a *wolfe* or *Fox* within
That kills the *Caſtor* for his *skin*.
Vertue alone, and nought elſe can
A diffrence make 'twixt *beaſts* and *man*,
And on her *wings* above the *Spheres*
To the *true light* his *ſpirit* bears.

Caſimirus, Lib. 4. Ode 15.

NOthing on *Earth*, nothing at all
Can be exempted from the *thrall*
Of peeviſh *wearineſs*! The *Sun*
Which our *fore-fathers* Judg'd to run
Clear and *unſpotted*, in our dayes
Is tax'd with *ſullen, Ecclips'd rayes.*
What ever in the *glorious skie*
Man ſees, his raſh, *audacious Eye*
Dares Cenſure it, and in meer *ſpite*
At *diſtance* will condemn the *light.*
The *wholſome mornings*, whoſe *beams* cleer
Thoſe *hills* our *fathers* walkt on here
Wee fancy not nor the *Moons* light
Which through their *windows* ſhin'd at *night*,
VVee change the *Aire* each year, and ſcorn
Thoſe *Seates*, in which we firſt were *borne.*
Some nice, affected *wand'rers* love
Belgia's mild winters, others remove
For want of *health* and *honeſtie*
To *Summer* it in *Italie*;
But to no end: The *diſeaſe* ſtill
Sticks to his *Lord*, and kindly will
To *Venice* in a *Barge* repaire,
Or *Coach* it to *Vienna*'s aire,
And then (too late with *home* Content,)
They leave this *wilfull baniſhment.*
But he, whoſe *Conſtancie* makes ſure
His *mind* and *manſion*, lives ſecure
From ſuch *vain tasks*, can *dine* and *ſup*
VVhere his *old parents* bred him up.
Content (no doubt!) moſt times doth dwell
In *Countrey-ſhades*, or to ſome *Cell*
Confines it ſelfe, and can alone
Make ſimple *ſtraw*, a Royall *Throne.*

Caſimirus, Lib.4. Ode 13.

IF *weeping Eyes* could waſh away
Thoſe *Evills* they mourn for *night and day*,
Then gladly I to *cure* my *fears*
With my beſt *Jewells* would buy *tears*.
But as *dew* feeds the growing *Corn*,
So *Croſſes* that are grown *forlorn*
Increaſe with *griefe*, *teares* make *teares* way,
And *cares* kept up, keep *cares* in *pay*.
That *wretch* whom *Fortune* finds to *feare*,
And *melting* ſtill into a *teare*,
She *ſtrikes* more *boldly*, but a *face*
Silent and *drie* doth her *amaze*.
Then leave thy *teares*, and tedious *tale*
Of what thou doeſt *misfortunes* call,
What thou by *weeping* think'ſt to *eaſe*,
Doth by that *Paſſion* but *Increaſe*;
Hard things to *Soft* will never yield,
'Tis the *drie Eye* that wins the field;
A noble *patience* quells the *ſpite*
Of *Fortune*, and *diſarms* her quite.

The Praiſe of a Religious life by *Mathias Caſimirus*. In Anſwer to that Ode of *Horace*, *Beatus Ille qui procul negotiis*, &c.

FLaccus not ſo: That worldly *He*
Whom in the Countreys *ſhade* we ſee
Ploughing his own *fields*, ſeldome can
Be juſtly ſtil'd, *The Bleſſed man*.
That title only fits a *Saint*,
Whoſe free thoughts far above reſtraint

And

And weighty Cares, can gladly part
With *houſe* and *lands*, and leave the ſmart
Litigious troubles, and lowd ſtrife
Of this world for a better life.
He fears no *Cold*, nor *heat* to blaſt
His *Corn*, for his *Accounts* are caſt,
He *ſues* no man, nor ſtands in Awe
Of the *devouring Courts* of Law;
But all his time he ſpends in *tears*
For the *Sins* of his youthfull years,
Or having taſted thoſe *rich Joyes*
Of a Conſcience without *noyſe*
Sits in ſome fair *ſhade*, and doth give
To his *wild thoughts* rules how to live.
He in the *Evening*, when on high
The *Stars* ſhine in the *ſilent ſkye*
Beholds th'*eternall flames* with mirth,
And *globes* of *light* more large then *Earth*,
Then weeps for *Joy*, and through his tears
Looks on the *fire-enamel'd* Spheres,
Where with his *Saviour* he would be
Lifted above mortalitie.
Mean while the *golden ſtars* doe ſet,
And the *ſlow-Pilgrim* leave all wet
With his own tears, which flow ſo faſt
They make his *ſleeps* light, and ſoon paſt.
By this, the *Sun* o're night *deceaſt*
Breaks in *freſh Blaſhes* from the *Eaſt*,
When mindfull of his former *falls*
With *ſtrong Cries* to his *God* he calls,
And with ſuch *deep-drawn ſighes* doth move
That he turns *anger* into *love*.
In the Calme *Spring*, when the Earth *bears*,
And feeds on *Aprils breath*, and *tears*,
His Eyes accuſtom'd to the *skyes*
Find here *freſh objects*, and like *ſpyes*
Or buſie *Bees* ſearch the ſoft *flowres*
Contemplate the *green fields*, and *Bowres*,

Where

Where he in *Veyles*, and *shades* doth see
The *back Parts* of the *Deitye*.
Then sadly sighing sayes, „ *O how*
„ *These flowres with hasty, stretch'd heads grow*
„ *And strive for heav'n, but rooted here*
„ *Lament the distance with a teare!*
„ *The Honey-suckles Clad in white,*
„ *The Rose in Red point to the light,*
„ *And the Lillies hollow and bleak*
„ *Look, as if they would something speak,*
„ *They sigh at night to each soft gale,*
„ *And at the day-spring weep it all.*
„ *Shall I then only (wretched I!)*
„ *Oppress with Earth, on Earth still lye?*
Thus speaks he to the neighbour trees
And many sad *Soliloquies*
To *Springs*, and *Fountaines* doth impart,
Seeking God with a longing heart.
But if to ease his busie breast
He thinks of *home*, and taking rest
A *Rurall Cott*, and *Common fare*
Are all his *Cordials* against *Care*.
There at the *doore* of his low *Cell*
Under some *shade*, or neer some *well*
Where the *coole Poplar* growes, his *Plate*
Of Common *Earth*, without more *state*
Expect their *Lord*. *Salt* in a *shell*,
Green *Cheese*, thin *beere*, *Draughts* that will *tell*
No *Tales*, a *hospitable Cup*,
With some *fresh berries* doe make up
His healthfull feast, nor doth he wish
For the fatt *Carp*, or a rare dish
Of *Lucrine Oysters*; The swift *Quist*
Or *Pigeon* sometimes (if he list)
With the *slow Goose* that loves the *stream*,
Fresh, various *Sallads*, and the *Bean*
By Curious *Pallats* never sought,
And to Close with, some Cheap unbought

Dish

Diſh for *digeſtion*, are the moſt
And Choiceſt *dainties* he can *boaſt*.
Thus feaſted, to the *flowrie Groves*,
Or pleaſant *Rivers* he removes,
Where neer ſome *fair Oke* hung with Maſt
He ſhuns the *Souths* Infectious blaſt.
On ſhadie *banks* ſometimes he lyes,
Sometimes the open *Current tryes*,
Where with his *line* and *feather'd flye*
He ſports, and takes the *Scaly frie*.
Mean-while each *hollow wood* and *hill*
Doth ring with *lowings* long and ſhrill,
And ſhadie *Lakes* with *Rivers* deep,
Echo the *bleating* of the *Sheep*.
The *Black-bird* with the pleaſant *Thruſh*
And *Nightingale* in ev'ry Buſh
Choice *Muſick* give, and *Shepherds* play
Unto their *flocks* ſome loving *Lay*;
The thirſty *Reapers* in thick throngs
Return home from the *field* with Songs,
And the *Carts* loden with ripe *Corn*
Come groning to the well-ſtor'd *Barn*.
Nor paſſe wee by as the leaſt good,
A *peaceſull*, *loving neighbourhood*,
Whoſe *honeſt wit*, and *Chaſt diſcourſe*
Make none (by hearing it) the *worſe*,
But *innocent* and *merry* may
Help (without *Sin*) to ſpend the day.
Could now the *Tyrant uſurer*
Who *plots* to be a *Purchaſer*
Of his poor neighbours *ſeat*, but taſte
Theſe *true delights*, ô with what haſte
And hatred of his wayes would he
Renounce his *Jewiſh Cruelties*,
And thoſe *Curs'd ſummes* which poor men borrow
On *uſe* to day, *remit* to morrow!

Ad

Ad fluvium Iſcam.

ISca parens florum, placido qui ſpumeus ore
Lambis lapillos aureos,
Qui mœſtos hyacinthos, & picti ἄνθεα tophi
Mulces ſuſurris humidis,
Dumq; novas pergunt menſes conſumere Lunas
Cœlumq; mortales terit,
Accumulas cum Sole dies, ævumq; per omne
Fidelis Induras latex,
O quis Inacceſſos & quali murmure lucos
Mutumq; Solaris nemus!
Per te diſcerpti credo Thracis ire querelas
Plectrumq; divini ſenis.

Venerabili viro, præceptori ſuo olim & ſemper Colendiſſimo Mro. Mathæo Herbert.

Quod vixi, Mathæe, dedit Pater, hæc tamen olim
Vita fluat, nec erit fas meminiſſe datam.
Ultrà Curâſti Soler, perituraq; mecum
Nomina poſti Cineres das reſonare meos.
Divide diſcipulum: brevis hæc & lubrica noſtri
Pars vertat Patri, Poſthuma vita tibi.

Præſtan-

Ad

Præſtantiſsimo viro, Thomæ Poëllo *in ſuum de Elementis opticæ libellum.*

VIvaces *oculorum* Ignes & lumina dia
Fixit in anguſto *maximus* orbe *Deus*,
Ille Explorantes radios *dedit*, & vaga luſtra
In quibus Intuitûs *lexâq; moduſq; latent.*
Hos tacitos Jactus, luſuſq; volubilis orbis
Pingis in Exiguo, *magne Poëlle*, libro,
Excurſuſq; ſituſq;, *ut* Lynceus opticus, *edis*
Quotâq; modis fallunt, *quotq; adhibenda* fides.
Æmula naturæ manus ! & mens *conſcia cœli !*
Illa videre dedit, *veſtra videre* docet.

Ad Echum.

O *Quæ frondoſæ per amœna* Cubilia *ſylvæ*
Nympha volas, *lucoq;* loquax *ſpatiaris in alto*,
Annoſi numen *nemoris*, *ſaltuſq; verendi*
Effatum, *cui ſola placent* poſtrema *relatûs* !
Per te Narciſſi *morientis verba*, *precesq;*
Per pueri Laſſatam animam, & Conamina *vitæ*
Ultima, *palantiſq; precor* ſuſpiria *linguæ.*
Da quo ſecretæ hæc Incædua devia *ſylvæ*,
Anfractuſq; *loci dubios*, & luſtra *repandam.*
Sic tibi perpetuâ (*meritoq;*) *hæc regna* Juventâ
Luxurient, *dabiturq; tuis*, *ſinè fine*, viretis
Intactas *Lunæ* lachrymas, & *lambere* rorem
Virgineum, *Cæliq;* animas *haurire tepentis.*
Nec cedant ævo ſtellis, *ſed* lucida *ſempèr*
Et ſatiata ſacro *æterni* medicamine *veris*
Oſtendant longè vegetos, *ut Sydera*, vultus !
Sic ſpiret Muſcata Comas, & Cynnama *paſſim* !
Diffundat levis umbra, *in funere qualia ſpargit*
Phœnicis rogus *aut Pancheæ* nubila *flammæ* !

* * *

Of the Benefit we may get by our Enemies.

I Obſerve thee; O *Cornelius Pulcher*; though wholly given to a quiet and calme courſe of life, Sequeſtred from all Publique imployments: yet out of that ſtillneſſe, and moſt private Receſſion to afford much fruit and ſatisfaction to the Publique; while with ſo much ſweetnes of carriage, and a kind of Native complacency thou entertaineſt all comers, whoſe hazardous affairs caſt them of neceſſity upon thy moſt tender Retirements. And (indeed) true it is, that ſuch a Region,

not peſtered with Salvages, or Venomous beaſts (as the report is of *Crete*) may be eaſily found; But a Common-wealth not diſtempered with Envy, Emulation, Ambitious heates, and Contentions (out of which, Enmity and Warres at laſt breake forth) could never yet be found. For if nothing elſe, yet in proces of time (which corrupts all things) our very Friendſhip and Sociablenes would bring us into Diſtaſtes and Enmity. And this it was that *Chilo* the wiſe thought upon, when hearing one affirme That he had not an Enemy in the World. he return'd upon him this Quere, *If he had ever a Friend?* But in my opinion (as to the uſe now to be made of Enemies) there are in that point many other *Secrets* which more concerne a *Prince*, and (as he is to ſway a Common-wealth burthen'd with a various and vicious multitude) of more advantage and neceſſity to be conſidered. And amongſt thoſe, I thinke that not the leaſt, which *Xenophon* hath left us recorded in this ſaying; *That it is the part of a Wiſe man, to derive Profit from his very Enemies.* Upon this

his very Consideration (coming but of late into my mind) I resolved to make some search and discussion, which now finished, in as few words as the matter would permit, I have sent you to peruse; wherin also, you shall find this care taken, that (as far as it might be) I have avoided to touch upon any Observations formerly given you in my Civill precepts, because I have already found you a very familiar Student in those papers.

Mankind in that first age of the world thought it well enough with them, if they could but so keep, as not to be hurt by those many fierce, and divers kinds of wild beasts, with which the earth was then replenished; and this was the period of their atchievements, *To defend themselves*. But one day teaching another, and Posterity growing more wary than their Fathers, It was found out, that those very Creatures which their Ancestors deemed noysome and hurtfull, were of speciall use and comodiousnes unto man; so that afterwards they were not only not hurt by

them, but very much helpt. They fed upon their fleſh, made Garments of their hair, preſervatives of their blood, milk, and gaule, and defenſive Arms of their skins. So that it is now much to be feared, that if Man were deprived of thoſe Creatures, he would be driven to a ſubſiſtance more ſordid and rude than the beaſts themſelves. Seeing then it is ſufficient to ſome, to receive no damage from their Enemies, but the wiſe (as *Zenophon* affirms) will alſo derive profit from them; we muſt not now turn Infidels to his poſition, or crie it down for a *Paradox*, but rather make diligent Inquirie for that ſecret, whereby thoſe may acquire ſome benefit from their Enemies, who (as long as they live) ſhall not live without them.

The husband-man cannot make every tree fruitfull, nor the hunts-man tame every wild beaſt; they muſt therefore aſſay other remedies, whereby the one may deduce ſome furtherance from fruitles things, and the other from things untractable. Sea-water is neither good to drink, nor

nor pleaſant to the taſt; notwithſtanding it breeds fiſh, and feeds them; It ſerves commodiouſly to tranſport men, and maintaines with generall advantage, a rich Commerce, and Exchange of wares. When the *Satyre* upon the firſt *ſhine*, and noveltie of the fire would have entertaind it with kiſſes and embracements, *Take heed goate* (ſaid *Prometheus*) *or it will make thy Chin ſmart*. If wee kiſſe fire, it will burn our lips, and yet, it affords us both light and heate, and to (thoſe that can rightly skill it) is the prime Inſtrument in all learned and reſerved arts. I would have thee therefore to think ſo of thine enemie, and to conſider whether his perſon, which otherwiſe wilbe ever hurtfull, and (viper-like) cannot be touched without evident danger, may not by ſome ſecret meanes be made tractable, and to afford ſome notable uſe of himſelfe to thy ſpeciall advantage. There are in nature many things unmeete for uſe, and altogether Inconſiſtent and repugnant to thoſe very ends for which they may be politickly imployed; ſo haſt thou ſeene

ſome effeminate, voluptuous conſtitutions to pretend ſickneſs, or ſome other infirmitie, that they might only live at more eaſe, and deliciouſnes. Others to procure themſelves a more hardie health, have volunteer'd it in all maner of Drudgerie, and made their bodies ſubject to the moſt ſlaviſh and toileſome Imploiments. Some again, as *Diogenes* and *Crates*, have made Poverty and Baniſhment the meanes to acquire knowledge and retirement. So *Zeno*, when it was told him, that the ſhip he had ſent to ſea with his goods was caſt away, replies preſently, *Thou haſt done very well Fortune, for now thou haſt taught me to make uſe again of my thredbare, caſt Coate.* For as thoſe living creatures which have the hardieſt ſtomacks, and the healthieſt bodies, feed on Serpents and Scorpions, and concoct them, others upon Shells and Stones which by reaſon of the vehemencie and heate of their ſpirits they turn preſently into a *Chylus*, and nutriment, while the more infirme and ſickly ſurfeit on wines, and the beſt diet; ſo Weak underſtandings corrupt the ſincereſt Friend-

ſhip,

ſhip, while the Wiſe and ſolid make a precious uſe of the moſt deadly Enmities. And truly in the firſt place, that ſeemes unto me to be moſt advantagious, than which (if rightly conſidered) nothing can be more grievous to our Enemies; and what that is I will ſhew thee preſently. An Enemy is alwaies watchfull, lying *perdue* (as it were) to all thy actions, and (ſeeking an occaſion to miſchiefe thee) runns over all thy life with a moſt curious eye. He doth not only ſee through Timber, Stone-walls, and Curtaines as *Lynceus* did, but perhaps through the Boſomes and inward parts of thy Friend, thy Servant, and thy Familiar; There (as far as he can ſee) he apprehends and reads all thy Actions, dives and ſcrews into thy moſt hidden and future Intentions. Our Friends oftentimes while we linger from them, or neglect them, fall ſick, and dye unknowne to us; But our Enemies cannot ſo much as dream, but moſt commonly we inquire into it. Our inward defects, our debts, and domeſtick diſcontents may be ſooner hidden from our ſelves than from our Enemies, they

they are the first that prie and search into those maladies. As Vultures take from far the sent of corrupt carkasses, and flock to them, but passe by the sound and untainted bodies; so the diseased and vitious parts of our lives and affections are alwaies resented by our enemies, they fly upon those soares, handle them continually, and love to see them bleed afresh. Let this benefit therefore redound to thee, that thou have a care to live circumspectly, to be attentive to thy selfe, neither speak, nor act any thing negligently or unadvisedly, but keep thy tongue and thy hands within the *Lists*, and let thy maners be (as in a strict prescription of diet) uncorrupt, that thy very enemy may find no place for a just Reprehension. For such a caution as this, which bridles the affections of the mind, and drives her home into her selfe, creates in us a kind of virtuous ardour, and a stedfast resolution to lead a life blameles, and incalumniable. As those Cities which are oft-times visited, somtimes chastised by a warlike neighbour and ly subject to incursions and velitations of Armes, retain most commonly

commonly the wholeſomeſt lawes, and ſtricteſt form of Government, ſo thoſe that have their enemies for *Cenſours*, and are compelled (as it were) to a ſober and vartuous vigilancy; though Reaſon in this point ſhould be dumb, yet Neceſſity will tell them, that they muſt avoid all diſſolutnes and neglect, do all things ſeaſonably, not ſuffering themſelves to be inſenſibly led away with cuſtom, but compoſe and regulate their manners, leaſt at any time they fall into ſome irrecoverable and deſtructive delinquency; for where that feſtivall but fatall verſe is alwaies at hand

Sure Priam *will to mirth incline,* Hom: Illia:
And all that are of Priam's *line.*

It lulls aſleep all Cauteloutnes, and blinds their reaſon untill at laſt (*Priam*-like) by their own ruin they procure the mirth, and triumph of their Enemies. Wee ſee Stage-players in Common aſſemblies, and their own private aſſayes, remiſſe and negligent, not acting ſo accuratly and to the life, as when the Theater is throng'd with judicious ſpectatours. But when they ſtrive for ſome prize, or the maſterie, they doe

doe not only refine themſelves, their habits, and geſtures, but with exacteſt care key all their Inſtruments, trye every ſtring, and with moſt nimble and arted motions ſtrik up their moſt delicious and pleaſing ſtrain; ſo he that knowes himſelfe to have an Enemie Competitour both of his life and fame, muſt be very intentive, weigh all his actions, and make his ſteps ſure and orderly; Eſpecially he is bound to doe it, becauſe vice hath in it this one abominable property, *That thoſe things, wherein wee offend, make our Enemies reverend, and our friends Contemptible.* And therefore it was that *Scipio Naſica*, when ſome told him that the State of *Rome* was then in ſaftie, the *Carthaginians*, being quell'd, and *Greece* reduced, gave this anſwere, *I* (ſaid he) *now is all our daunger, when wee have left us no Enemy to feare, nor any to reverence.* To the ſame purpoſe was that ſpeech of *Diogenes*, moſt becomming a *Philoſopher*, and worthy the practiſe of all Commonwealthes, *By what meanes* (ſaid he) *ſhall I be avenged of mine Enemie? If thou*

Diogenes

Diogenes, will be a good man. Cowardly, ſordid perſons if they ſee us but well horſed, or ſworded, or a faire dog following us, are inſtantly cut to the heart; If they ſee our fields well husbanded, our manſion-houſes, and gardens flowriſhing, they break preſently into ſighes; But what thinkeſt thou, will they doe, if thou ſhew thy ſelfe an honeſt, prudent, juſt man, grave in thy words, ſincere in thy actions, and temperate in thy diet,

Feeding on fruits which in the heavens doe grow,
Whence all divine and holy Counſells flow.

Thoſe, who are overcome (ſaith *Pindarus*) have their mouthes ſo bung'd up, that they dare not ſpeak; he ſaith not this *ſimply*, nor of all men, but of thoſe only who are overcome by their Enemies, either in point of action, honeſtie, magnanimitie, humanitie, or good turnes. Theſe are the vertues, which (as *Demoſthenes* ſaith of them) put the tongue into a traunce, damme up the mouth, choake the whole man, compell and commaund our ſilence.

Excell

Excell then if thou can'ſt be not withſtood,
But ſtrive, and overcome the evill with good.

If thou would'ſt vex thine Enemie, cal him not by way of reproch an impudent, looſe, or intemperate Companion, a knave, or a baſe fellow; but ſhew thy ſelfe a man, keepe to moderation, embrace truth civilitie, and equitie, and in what company ſoever thou art, bring thoſe with thee for thy aſſociates. But if at any time thou art compell'd to rebuke him, have a care that thy own beauty be not ſoiled with the ſame blemiſhes thou layeſt to his charge, look well into thy own boſome, conſider the ruins, and dilapidations there, leſt happily another more bitter then he, whiſper in thy eare that verſe of the Tragedian,

You miniſter to others wounds a Cure,
But leave your own all rotten and impure.

If he calls thee an ignorant, unlearned, emptie fellow, ply thy ſtudy; if a Coward, ſtirre up thoſe ſeeds of valour, and fortitude which lye aſleep in thee; if wanton, or incontinent, raze out of thy breaſt all ſecret Impreſſions of luſt. For

nothing

nothing can be more dishonourable, or bitter, than to have those arrowes wee shoot at our enemies, to wound our own bosomes. It is commonly known, that the repercussion of light is most griveously offensive to sore eys, and those reprehensions which truth casts back into our own faces give the deepest check, for as the *north-west* wind gathers clouds, so a dissolute life attracts infamie; wherefore *Plato*, if at any time he lighted upon disorderly Companions, used always when he was rid of them, to question with himselfe, *have I bin ever as mad as these?* And yet the most busie back-biter, whose only dialect is slander, did he but consider, and reform his own life, would from that very office (otherwise the most odious, and basest of all) derive some benefit. wee see them commonly derided, who being bald, or crooked themselves, laugh at those defects in others, And is it not altogether as ridiculous to charge our Enemies with those very vices, that are most rife in our selves? when *Leo Byzantius* the Philosopher was twitted by a bunch-back

bunch-backt fellow with the infirmity of his eye-ſight, *Thou doeſt taxe me* (ſaid he) *with a Common misfortune, but wilt not ſee that brand of divine vengeance upon thy own back.* Wherefore never object to another his Adulterie, if thou thy ſelfe burnſt with unlawfull Luſt; nor his Prodigalitie, or looſenes, if thou beeſt a Covetous, foridid wretch. Said *Alcmæon to Adraſtus, A kinswoman of thine hath killed her husband.* But what did he replie? He taxed him not with anothers villanie, but his own; *And thou* (ſaid he) *with thy own hands haſt killed thy own mother.* It was a queſtion of *Domitius* to *Craſſus, Whether upon the death of the lamprey fed in his fiſh-ponds he had not mourn'd? Yea,* (ſaid *Craſſus,*) *But thou haſt buried three wifes without ſhedding one teare.* It is an eaſie matter to be wittie, lowd, and bitter in our revilinges, but to be the man upon whom thoſe taunts cannot juſtly faſten, there lyes the difficulty. And truly it ſeemes that god by that divine Iniunction *Noſce teipſum*, warnes none ſo much as thoſe, who are the revilers and rebukers of others, leſt happily

happily, while they take the liberty to ſpeak what they will, they may heare what they will not; for it happens oft-times to ſuch Companions according to that ſaying of *Sophocles*, *while they give the raines to their own tongues, they heare from themſelves, what they would not willingly heare from others*; and in this point the reviled and the reviler have equall advantage. It was a true ſaying of *Antiſthenes*, *That thoſe who would live uprightly, had need either of very honeſt friends, or very harſh enemies*, becauſe the one by exhortation, the other by defamation, will be ſure to keep them from offending. But ſeeing the tongues of friends (as the times now runne) are too ſhort to ſpeak home, too long when they ſmooth us, and quite dumb to admoniſh; it followes that wee can only heare the truth from our Enemies, for as *Telephus* when he could not find a friend to cure him, was glad to have it done with the weapon of his foe, ſo where our wellwiſhers will give us no Councell, wee muſt make uſe of our Enemies words, and by a diſcreet application

advantage our ſelves. And in this caſe wee ought not to conſider the malice of the reviler, but the benefit of the reviled. For as that enemie of *Prometheus* by running at him with his ſword to have killed him, broke only the Impoſthume in his body and ſo cured him; In like manner an evill word ſpoken ſometimes out of anger, or enmitie, may cure ſome ulcer in our manners, which either wee knew not of before, or elſe neglected. But moſt men, when they are thus publickly reproach'd, weigh not ſo much whether they be guiltie, as they doe caſt about to learne the vices, and lewd life of their reproacher, and (after the maner of wreſtlers) wipe not off thoſe aſperſions, which (like duſt) they throw one upon the other, but ſtrugling more and more, remain both equally defiled. Whereas (in truth) it concerns him that is ſo branded, to clear all objections, and that much more then to take a ſpot of his garment, when 'tis once ſhewed him. But ſuppoſe an Enemy ſhould lay that to our charge, which wee are not guiltie of: yet muſt wee examine our ſelves well, whe[illegible]er

whether wee ever gave any cauſe for it, or heedleſly let ſlip our ſelves into any errour of the like nature, or that had any the leaſt relation or ſimilitude to what wee are taxed with. This was the very *Caſe* of *Lacides* King of the *Argives*, who for ſome effeminate Curioſitie about his haire, and ſoftnes of apparell was thought wanton, and laſcivious. The ſame thing happend to *Pompey*, * for being accuſtom'd to ſcratch his head with one finger only (as if he had bin afeard to diſorder his locks) he was termed effeminate, a vice (in truth) he was furtheſt from, of any. But *Craſſus* for being a great obſerver of a veſtal virgin, and uſing oftentimes to give her the meeting about ſome parcell of land, he would have bought of her, was publickly charged to have deflowred her. So *Poſthumia* another *Veſtall* for her freedome of ſpeech with men, and a jovial, merry nature was accuſed of inceſt, And though ſhe was afterwards found Inno-

* *This was held by the Romans for a ſure mark of laſciviouſnes.* Iuvenal *toucheth upon't.*— huc venient carpento, et navibus omnes Qui d gito ſcalpunt uno Caput.—

cent, yet upon her absolution *Spurius Minucius* then Regent of the *Vestals*, gave her strict charge that in her after-course of life she should have equall care of her deportment, as of her chastitie. But what shall wee say of *Themistocles*, that faithful Patriot? who upon a bare point of civilitie for shewing some kindnes and humanitie to *Pausanias*, and vouchsafing him a few letters was suspected of treason. If at any time therefore thou art falsly accused, slight not, nor neglect the accusation becauſe it is false, but calling thy selfe to an account, inquire diligently, if there ever happen'd any thing in thy *words*, *actions*, or *Councells*, amongst thy familiars, or elsewhere that might give a just cause for that calumnie. And if so, be warie and avoid it. For if others by suddaine and unexpected accidents have bin taught to know what is best for them, as *Merope* tells of her selfe.

Chance taking from me things of highest price
At a deare rate hath taught me to be wise,

What hinders but that wee may learne that lesson from an Enemie, as from a kind

kind of cheap ſchool-maſter, whoſe reprehenſions may ſhew us what wee want, and put us in mind of what wee have forgotten? for an Enemy will ſooner ſee our defects, than a friend; becauſe the lover (as *Plato* ſaith) is, in that which he loves, ſtark blind, but in hatred there is not only curioſitie of obſervation, but freedome of ſpeech alſo. When *Hjero* was twitted by his enemie for having an offenſive breath, being come home to his wife, *What is this* (ſaid he) *couldſt not thou tell me, that my breath was not ſweet?* but ſhe (a chaſt and modeſt woman) replies, *Indeed I thought that all mens breaths had the like ſmell:* So thoſe things which are ſubject to ſenſe, viſible as our bodies and open to every eye, wee ſhall ſooner know from our enemies and ill-willers, than from our friends and familiars. Moreover although it is not the leaſt part of vertue to bridle the tongue, to keep it conformable, and alwayes obedient to reaſon, yet without a primarie ſubduing of thy worſt affections, anger, and the reſt, which muſt be done by a conſtant practiſe,

ſtife, premeditation, and perſeverance thou canſt never get the maſterie over it. For this vitious unfolding of our ſelves, extenuated with an Apologie of *a word eſcaped from me*, or, *I ſlipt a word unawares*, never happens but to laviſh, irreſolute perſons who by reaſon of their infirmitie of judgment, or looſe Cuſtome of life, ſtick alwaies in the ſame errours. Beſides Speech though the vaineſt and emptieſt thing under the Sun, yet (according to the ſentiment of divine *Plato*) is uſually puniſhed with the heavieſt judgments both by *God* and *Man*. But ſilence on the Contrary is alwayes ſafe, and hath no accuſers; neither doth it only (as *Hippocrates* ſaith) keep us not thirſtie, but in the preſence of a rayling Enemie is full of majeſty, wiſedome, and fortitude; And a man ſo qualified

Knaves tongues, and calumnies no more doth price
Then the vaine buzzing of ſo many flies.

Certainly there is nothing in the world hath more of worth and gallantrie in it, than to beare the *big browes* of a baſe, upſtart foe with a calme and ſmiling carriage; wee ſhould paſſe by a tongue given

to

to detraction, as by a rock uſed to the froth and ſcumme of the waves; The benefit will ſweeten the practiſe: for if thou canſt beare quietly the affronts of an Enemie, thou mayeſt eaſily beare with a ſharp wife, or any bitter paſſages from a friend or brother, and if thy parents chance to ſtrike thee, thou art ſo ſeaſon'd as not to be angrie with them. Thus *Socrates* made it his frequent practiſe to beare the ſtormes of his lowd wife(a *Gentlewoman* that for peeviſhnes and furie outdid all her ſex)for ſaid he, If I can *beare* with *Xantippe, I make no queſtion but I ſhall bear with all others*. Now, the main end is (after wee have bin thus exerciſed by the frequent ſcoffes, reproaches,exceſſive anger, and ſaucineſs of our enemies) to accuſtome our ſelves to ſuch a ſolid temper, and magnanimous patience,as never to be moved at their weake noiſe, and detractions. By this means wee ſhall ſhew towards our enemies manſuetude, and a kind of virtuous Contempt; to our friends ſimplicitie, magnanimitie, and ſinceritie. Neither is it ſo praiſe-worthy to doe good

turnes to our friends, as it is baſe to deny them to thoſe that want; But to forbeare revenge upon an Enemie, when wee opportunely may, is the higheſt glory in all humanity; And if any man mourn for the misfortunes of his foe, ſuccour him in his wants, be a ſupport to his Children, and domeſtick decayes, who doth not with thanks accept of ſuch benevolence, acknowledge ſuch a miracle,

His deepe, dark heart (bent to ſupplant)
Is Iron, or elſe Adamant.

Said *Cicero* to *Cæsar* (when he commanded the ſtatues of *Pompey*, that had fallen down, to be erected) *haſt thou ſet up the ſtatues of Pompey? thou haſt eſtabliſhed thy own.* This intimates that wee ſhould keep back no praiſe, nor any point of honour from a noble Enemie that may juſtly claime it; for by bearing teſtimonie to the truth, and faſtening Commendations where deſert is, wee doe commend our ſelves. Nay wee ſhall have this advantage, that if wee chance afterwards to blame them, wee ſhalbe believed of all men as diſliking their actions, not hating their

their perſons; and which is moſt laudable of all, they that uſe to ſpeak well of their Enemies, without repining at their ſucceſſe, will hardly envie the proſperity of their friends, or the good parts of their aſſociates. What better exerciſe then, or more virtuouſly fruitfull, or leaving nobler impreſſions in the ſoul can wee pitch upon? It takes away from us all perverſe emulations, and puts quite out all fomentations of envie. As in a Common-wealth many things neceſſarie, (otherwiſe bad enough) when they are once confirm'd by Cuſtome, or power of law, are not eaſily forgotten of thoſe whom they have once annoyed; ſo hoſtilitie and variance bringing in with them envie and hatred, leave planted in the mind obtrectation, malevolence, with an Implacable and endles reſentment of Injuries. Adde to this that Couzenage, trecherie, breach of oath, private wiles, and policies which by perverſe and bloudie Enemies are held lawfull, where they once begin to be practiſed, will by a habituation be ſo perfectly naturalized, that they can hardly ever

ever be removed, and may afterwards (grown masters by Custome) if not refused against our Enemies, prove hurtfull to our neareſt friends. For this very cauſe (if I judge right) *Pythagoras* uſed to abſtaine from fleſh, and the ſlaughter of harmles creatures, intreating and ſometimes hiring fowlers, not to kill their birds, and Anglers to let goe their fiſh, and publickly forbad the killing of any tame beaſt. Without doubt a generous, juſt, and ſolid Enemie will in all Contentions think it the beſt victorie to bridle an irreligious, inſatiable malice, that by teaching his ſtubbournes to ſubmit to vertue, he may ever after be maſter of himſelf. When *Domitius* was accuſed by *Scaurus* his Enemie, a ſervant of his, ſtept to the barre where *Scaurus* pleaded, about to informe him of ſome heynous offence done by his maſter, which *Scaurus* knew not of, but he not ſuffering him to ſpeak, ſent him with a guard back to his maſter. So *Cato* when he was drawing up certain heads of an accuſation againſt *Muræna*, had alwaies following him a knot of buſie fellows,

fellows, who of set purpose pryed into his actions; These oftentimes asked him, if he had yet finished the Charge, or had any more Articles to insert, or witnesses to examine? if he answered, no; They would instantly believe him, and depart; a great argument of the good opinion they had of *Cato*. And indeed that which excells all, and is (in truth) most justly preheminent, is the equall administration of justice to our very Enemies; for who useth to doe so, can hardly use any fraud, or injustice against his friends. But seeing it is so (as *Simonides* saith) that every lark must have a Crest, and worth, in whomsoever it is, breeds contention, obtrectation, and the envie of fools; wee shall find no small advantage, if wee put quite from us all sillie and weak ways of revenge even against our most bitter Enemies, and remove them as durt and drosse far enough from our friends. Which very point (in my opinion) *Onomademus* (a very skilfull states-man) made speciall use of; for living in *Chios*, and happening to be (upon a sudden Insurrection

ction) of that ſide which then prevailed, he adviſed his Confederates, that they ſhould not baniſh all of the adverſe partie, but leave ſome to live amongſt them *Leſt* (ſaid he) *being rid of our Enemies*, wee *begin to fall out with our friends*. For as long as wee have an Enemy to conſume, and weare out our ill affections upon, wee ſhall give the leſſe diſtaſt to our friends. It is not convenient (ſaith *Heſiodus*) that one *Potter* ſhould envie the other, nor ought wee to be troubled at the proſperitie of our brother, or a good neighbour. But if thou canſt not otherwiſe than by doing ſo, free thy ſelfe from ſtrif, envy, and Contention, then ſuffer thy ſelf to fret at the good ſucceſſe of thine Enemie, and cut him with the edge and keeneſs of thy anger. For as skilful gardiners think *roſes* and *violets* will thrive the better, if *Onions and garlick* be ſowed neare them, (becauſe theſe later attract all harſh qualities that may be in the Compoſt,) ſo an Enemie by drawing on himſelf all the perverſnes and moroſitie in thee, will render thy diſpoſition more mild and pleaſ-

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ing to thy friend. Therefore when wee have any thing to doe with an Enemie either in point of honour, popularitie, or a juſt benefit, wee muſt ſo contend, as not only to be blindly vext becauſe he excells us, but to obſerve alſo in what particulars, and by what means he doth ſo excel. Nor muſt wee ſtay there, but with all diligence, induſtrious ſobrietie, and watchfullnes labour to overtake him, after the example of *Themiſtocles*, whom the victorie of *Miltiades* upon the plaines of *Marathon* would not ſuffer to ſleep. For ſuch a ſpirit that thinks his Enemie better than himſelfe becauſe he hath great offices, patronage, numerous friends, or the favour of Princes, and therefore gives him over and deſpaires, when he ought rather to be ſtirring and emulous, doth but pine away with moſt ſordid and cowardly envie. But he that hath a ſtrict eye over him, not blinded with hatred, and ſtands in the light a diſcerning ſpectatour of his life and actions, ſhall at laſt find it true, that all thoſe proſperous paſſages he envied him for, were brought about by a

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Judicious care, eminent diligence, and ſincere dealings; and having got theſe virtues for his preſidents, he inſtantly cuts of all dulneſs and delayes, and treads in the ſame ſteps to arrive at the ſame height. But if it ſo happens to any that their Enemies by unlawfull and irreligious means grow powerfull, as by flattery, exactions, perverting of juſtice, briberie, perjurie or bloud-ſhed, they ought not ſo much to mourne, as to rejoyce, conſidering that they have to oppoſe to all that rottenneſs, a ſound conſcience, unpolluted pietie, and innocent hands. for (as *Plato* ſaith) All *the gold above the earth, and under the earth is by no meanes to be compared with a religious Integritie*. Neither muſt wee leave them untwitted with that of *Solon*,

What though they boaſt their riches unto us?
Thoſe cannot ſay, That they are virtuous.

Let us then neither labour for bribed ſuffrages, nor bought honours, nor for the chief place with Eunuchs, and Concubines of Kings, or pandars of ſtate; for nothing is amiable, nothing honourable, that is acquird by baſeneſs. But

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(as *Plato* ſaith) *The lover, in that which he loveth is ſtark blind*, but quick-ſighted enough to ſee the failings of his Enemies; It will become us then, neither to rejoyce at their ſins, nor to mourn for what they doe well, but wiſely to weigh both, that by avoyding the one we may grow *better*, and by imitating the other not grow *worſer* then they themſelves are.

FINIS.

Of the Diſeaſes of the Mind and the Body.

WHen *Homer* had diligently conſidered the ſeverall kinds of living Creatures, and compared the various diſpoſitions, and provident ſubſiſting of the one with the other, he cryed out,

That man for miſery excell'd
All creatures which the wide world held.

A very wretched Prerogative! that excels in nothing, but a calamitous ſuperiority of evils. Seeing then, that by this ſentence we are eminent for nothing, but unhappineſſe, and in that alſo more miſerable than other creatures, we ſhall in this diſcourſe (by way of compariſon) bring man to a combate with himſelf about his own calamities; taking the *mind* aſunder from the *body* (not vainly, but

to a good purpoſe) that by a diſtinct examination of both we may come to know from which of theſe two his miſeries flow.

Bodily diſeaſes happen alwaies by a depravation of temperament; but the vitioſitie, and taint of the mind, is firſt the free act of the mind it ſelf, and afterwards its diſeaſe. But it would not a little conduce to the eaſe of the mind, if either that which is infected might be reſtored; or that which cannot be wholly taken away might be partly mitigated. When *Æſops* fox contended with the *Panther* for variety, after the *Leopard* had bragg'd of the beauteous ſpots and ſpeckles in his skin, vilifying the other for his ſordid, reddiſh, and ill-ſented Coate, *But couldſt thou* (ſaid the Fox) *diſcerne that which is within me, thou wouldſt confeſſe thy ſelfe leſſe various than I am*; Meaning thereby the many fetches and ſubtilties he had there, and could commodiouſly uſe when he pleaſed. So may we ſay of our ſelves. Many diſeaſes truly (O man!) and many infirmities attend on thy Body, ſome caſually and from without, others naturally

ly out of the Body it ſelf: But if thou wouldſt but ſearch thy ſelf within, where no eys ſhine but thy own, what variety of diſtempers ſhouldſt thou find there? giddie diſtractions, blind conceits, crooked affections, ſhuffled wils, and phanſtaſtick humours, which lying there as in a Box, or Cabinet, flow not from without, but are Natives and Inhabitants of the place, ſpringing there like ſo many Wels. Now the diſeaſes of the Body are ordinarily known by the *Pulſe*, or beating of the vitall ſpirits, and a high colour; and thoſe againe are manifeſted by other *Symptoms*, as exceſſive heat, wearineſſe, and a dangerous aptneſſe to faint; But the diſeaſes of the Mind ſo delude moſt men, that they are not ſuſpected for maladies, and the caſe of the patient is then moſt deſperate, when he hath no ſenſe of his paine. But in bodily diſeaſes the judgement remaines ſound, and there is ſtill in the patient a very quick and clear perception both of his *time of eaſe*, and of *acceſſions*; whereas thoſe that are ſick in Mind can find no

difference between ſickneſſe, and health, and indeed how ſhould they, ſeeing that wherewith they Judge, is the part affected? It is therefore very juſt that we adjudge this *ſenſleſneſſe* to be the moſt pernicious, and principall of all the diſeaſes of the mind, for by this it comes to paſſe that many men converſe, live, and dye in an uncurable madneſſe: for as in ordinary diſeaſes the firſt ſtep to health is to have a feeling of the diſeaſe, for that ſets on the patient to inquire for help; ſo in mentall diſtempers (wherein men ſtate themſelves ſound, that are indeed ſick,) though they knew a remedy for their diſeaſe, yet will they not uſe it, becauſe they believe, they have no need of it. Of bodily diſeaſes thoſe are moſt dangerous, which render men ſenſeleſſe, as *Lethargies*, *head-akes*, the *falling ſickneſſe*, *dead Palſies*, and *Feavers* alſo, whoſe vehement Inflammations breed an alienation of mind, and (like unskilfull *Muſicians*) put the whole inward harmony out of tune. Therefore honeſt *Phyſicians* firſt wiſh, that men were not ſick at all; Secondly,

condly, that if they happen to ſicken, they may be ſenſible of their diſeaſe: but in mentall maladies this deliration is ſo prevalent that it is impoſſible to remove it; for neither thoſe that rave with ſome mad conceit, or burne with laſciviouſneſſe, or delight in doing injuries ſeeme to themſelves to offend, nay, they are ſo far from it, that they glory in ſuch actions; And yet, who ever gave the name of health to a Feaver, of ſoundneſſe to corruption, of activitie to the Goute, or of Bluſhes to Paleneſſe? but to call *anger* fortitude, *love* friendſhip, *envie* emulation, and *Cowardice* diſcretion is frequent. Beſides, thoſe who have their *Bodies* ill-affected ſend preſently for the *Phyſician*, becauſe they find themſelves to have need of him; but thoſe who have their *minds* ſo, flye from the *Philoſopher*, and will not endure any Precepts of virtue. Moved then with theſe reaſons, I hold an *Outward blindneſſe* more tollerable than an *Inward*, and the paine of the *Gout*, than the Dotage of the *mind*; for he that is diſeas'd in his eys, uſeth his beſt

diligence to have them cured, provides waters, and ointments, breaths a veine, and purgeth his head; but come to mad *Agave*, and you ſhall heare her ſinging, having killed her ſon,

A tender Kid (ſee, where 'tis put)
I on the Hils did ſlay,
Now dreſt, and into quarters cut,
A pleaſant, daintie prey.

Adde to this, that a Patient in the Body takes preſent notice of his diſeaſe, gets him to bed, and while he is in cure, is quiet and tractable, or if he chance to be ſomething wayward and offer to riſe thence by reaſon of wearineſſe or a Feaveriſh heat, yet if a friend ſay to him, *Lye ſtill*, or *keep in thy Bed*, he will inſtantly refraine; whereas thoſe that are diſeas'd in Mind, are then moſt reſtleſſe and tumultuous; for from the Commotions of the mind all actions take their beginning, but mentall diſeaſes are the moſt vehement Commotions, and therefore will not ſuffer the mind to be in quiet, yea, when a man hath moſt need to ſhew patience, ſilence, and ſubmiſſion of mind, then

then will these inward maladies most annoy him, giving the rains to anger, contention, lust, and tumults, which dissect and lay him open to his enemies, while he strives to doe many things repugnant to reason, and spits out unseasonable, and dangerous speeches. Therefore, as that tempest at Sea, which keeps us from putting into the Harbour, is more dangerous than that which hinders us to put forth; so those tempests of the mind, which will not suffer us to containe and pacifie our selves, are the most pernicious, for they hurry us away without Pilot or Saile through Gulfs and Quicksands, untill at last upon some rock or other we cast away both our lifes and estates; wherefore in my opinion were there no other Inconvenience but that, it is enough to prove that the disease of the *mind* is far more perillous than the disease of the *body*; though this we shall adde, that the *one* offends only the patient, but the *other* offends all that come neare it.

But to what purpose shall we multiply arguments? seeing the events of the present

ſent time ſufficiently demonſtrate it. You ſee this numerous and promiſcuous multitude here met, juſtling and ſhouldring one another from the ſtreets to the Court, from the Court to the Bar, and ſo out againe; Theſe are come together not to celebrate any works of piety, as ſacrifice, or prayer; but a certaine *Epidemicall fit* which once a year all *Aſia* ſhakes of, hath hurryed them hither about ſome vaine controverſies and matters of Law, which upon a preſcript day are here to be heard and determined; for at this one Bar (like the breaking in of ſo many Rivers) all the Conteſtations in *Aſia* meet, here they are canvaſed, decided, and grow up into mortall diſſentions, betwixt the *undoer* and the *undone*. What Feavers, what Agues, Malignant heats, or Superfluous humours ever ſo troubled mankind? If aſwell as the men, you examine the grounds of their ſutes and contentions in Law, you ſhall find ſome of them to proceed from a ſlight word ſpoken, ſome from malice, ſome from anger, others from a mad deſire to be contentious, and all of them from *Covetouſneſſe*.

FINIS.

Of the Diſeaſes of the Mind, &c.

THere is ſung from all antiquity by ſome unknowne Poet this following *Hymne* in the ſtile of a prayer,

O Cœleſtium princeps Sanitas!
Utinam tecum degere poſſim
Quod mihi tempus ſupereſt vitæ!

O health the chief of gifts divine!
I would I might with thee and thine
Live all thoſe days appointed mine!

I would gladly be reſolved by the Authour of this verſe, what kind of health it was, which in thoſe preceding lines he begg'd to have for his Companion in life; for verily I ſuſpect it was ſome divine thing worthy the devotion and fervency of prayer; for ſure he could not

not raſhly and upon a ſuddaine find matter worthy of verſe, or being put into verſe, it could hardly have paſt with ſuch generall applauſe from one age unto another. If it be then ſuch a thing as I ſuſpect, reaſon it ſelf (inſtead of the *Poet,*) will give us an anſwer. For ſeeing there are but *two things* of which *man* conſiſts, the *Soule*, and the *Body*, if the *Soule* be free from the nature of diſeaſes, it follows of neceſſity, that, what is petitiond for in this *Hymne* belongs to the *Body*, which naturally uſeth to fall ſick, and to recover againe. But if it be ſo that both *Soule* and *Body* have from diſcreet nature a like temperament, which is never diſturbed but by a petulant perverſitie of parts, when exceſſe in the one (like a tyrant and his people in a Common-wealth) is deſtructive to the other, and confounds the genuine harmony, (which exceſſe whereſoever it is, whether in the ſoule, or elſe in the body, we define to be *an impotent Cupidity*, both which as they make up one whole man ſhare equall power, though taken by themſelves they

bear

bear no proportion at all,) the queſtion now is, to which of theſe two ſhall this Celeſtiall temperament, or Princeſſe mentioned in the Hymne, be adjudged moſt neceſſary? To reſolve this *Quære* with ſafety, we muſt compare the diſeaſes of the *one*, with the diſeaſes of the *other*, that by ſo doing we may ſee which of them is moſt pernicious to the whole man, and then like indifferent Arbiters ſettle to a righteous judgement.

Man then (as we have ſaid before) is made up of *Soule* and *Body*, in which Compoſure the *Soule* is regent, and the *Body* obeys, as in a Common-wealth the *Prince*, and his *Subjects*; and worthily too, for as in this of the *Body*, ſo in all other Governments the *Prince* is not only the head, or Superiour part of the Common-wealth, but by a kind of *Sacred affinitie* part alſo of the Subject. The queſtion then is, *Whether in a languiſhing Common-wealth the Prince, or the People, the Soule, or the Body, are the deſtroying party?* I decide it thus: The Common people are ſick, but *Pericles* the good Prince is in health,

health, apprehends the diſeaſe, and cures the people: contrariwiſe, *Dionyſius* the *Siracuſian* hath the *Kings evill*, but the people, though healthfull themſelves, want ſtrength to reſtore him. Will you therefore, that henceforth we ſubſtitute for the *Soule*, the *Prince*; and for the *Body* the *People?* If ſo, weigh the example, aſwell as the thing.

The People for number exceed the Prince, and the Body the Soul. The People without a Prince are dead, and heartleſs; ſo is the Body without the Soul. The People conſiſt of many degrees, many voices, and many affections; ſo hath the Body diverſe, and different parts. The people are in their anger *Mercileſs*, in their deſires *vehement*, in their pleaſures *diſſolute*, in their troubles *abject*, and in their furie *Mad*; The ſame vices attend the Body, for now 'tis luſtfull, now winie, anon dejected, and ſometimes hurried away with moſt impetuous, exceſſive madnes. Let us ſee now what Comparatives wee can make between the *Prince*, and the *Soul*. A *Prince* in a Commonwealth is the fitteſt perſon

to

to govern, as moſt honourable, and moſt able; ſo is the *Soul* in the *Body*. A *Prince* is by nature provident in his affaires, and prudent in advice; the very ſame faculties are uſually in the Soul. The *Prince* hath a freedome royall, and is above the Cenſure of the people; ſo is the Soul above the Body. Seeing then that theſe Compariſons are true in both, which of theſe parts (when diſeas'd) ſhall wee judge the worſt, as well in the Commonwealth, as in Man? ſurely the beſt; becauſe the Corruption of things that are excellent is the moſt pernicious: For the People though ſick, if the Prince be well, ſhall have their liberties preſerved; but the diſeaſe of the Prince (though the People be in health) brings inevitable bondage. And that I may in one word ſumme up all, the Soul is far more excellent than the Body, and the Prince than the People: Now that *good* which is moſt excellent, is by ſomuch the greater; and that which is repugnant to the *greater good*, muſt needs be the *greater Evill*;--But the health of the *Soul* is a greater good than

the health of the *Body*; therefore the diſeaſe of the Soule is a greater Evill than the diſeaſe of the Body. The health of the body is reſtored by Art, but the health of the ſoul by virtuous Induſtrie. The diſeaſe of the ſoul is wickednes, that of the body is but ſorrow: Wickednes comes by a voluntarie ſinning, but calamitie againſt our wills. If any body hurt us againſt their will, they deſerve our Charitie; if of ſet purpoſe, they deſerve our Hatred. Where wee are charitable, there wee relieve; where revengefull, there wee puniſh. Thoſe wee relieve are commonly good; thoſe wee puniſh, notoriouſly bad. Again, The health of the ſoul is full of Chearfullneſſe, the body may be in health, and yet want it. The health of the ſoul leads us to bliſſe, the other to miſerie. The health of the ſoul hath no iniquitie, the other is wholly vitious. The health of the ſoule is celeſtiall, the other earthly; the one is durable, the other tranſitorie; the one eternal, the other mortall. And ſo much touching their diſpoſitions in that ſtate, let us now conſider their diſeaſes.

Bodily

Bodily diſeaſes if not wholly taken off, yet by the help of art may be very much mitigated; but the mind once infected contemnes the correction of ſevereſt Laws. The firſt (after a few days paine) by making the patient deſirous of health, makes him alſo fitter for cure; the laſt by bewitching the mind ſo hinders the Cure, that it will not ſomuch as heare of health. The divine mercy may ſuccour the one, but from the other it is alwaies averſe. The diſeaſe of the body hath never yet occaſion'd wars, but that of the mind hath occaſion'd many. No man ſick in body burns with luſt, robs Churches, ſteales from his neighbour, or doth any other villanie, that diſeaſe offends only the patient, the other offends all men. But let us now render this truth more evident by a ſimilitude taken from Civill Government.

When *Pericles* was Duke of *Athens*, a Citie govern'd by *Democracie*, and burthend with a great & populous multitude, large in juriſdiction, powerfull for riches, and ſtored with many and eminent Com-

manders, the plague then rife in *Æthiopia* (where it firſt began) paſt thence into *Perſia*, and afterwards to *Athens*, where having (as it were) taken footing, it increaſed daily and afflicted the Citie. To augment this miſerie, it happend at the ſame time that they had open war with the *Peloponneſians*; In this ſtate therefore when the Countrey lay waſted by the Enemie, the Inhabitants tortured, their houſesrifl d, their armies defeated, and the whole body of the Commonwealth expoſed to pillage and deſtruction, *Pericles* the good *Prince* being then in health, himſelfe rebuilds the Citie, recruits their armies, reſtores their Courages, and dividing himſelfe betwixt the Sword and the Peſt-houſe with the one hand ſubdued the Infection, and with the other the Enemie. Thus much for the Soul, let us now find a ſimilitude for the Body. When the Infection ceaſed, and the Commonwealth again took breath, and recovered, thoſe perſons in the Citie, who had the charge of the Republick (as Popular government hath ever too many) ſo burn

with hatred, ambition, and Covetouſnes one towards another, that they ſeemed rather to be out of their wittls, than rightly in them. Theſe mentall diſeaſes in a ſhort time ſo increaſed, and diſperſed, that all *Athens* was infected, and ſo prevalent was the Contagion that it took alſo the Common people; And why not? for here they had not one *Cleon* to rave with, or one *Alcibiades* to burn with, but (as the nature of *Democracie* is) a hundred, or more; and theſe (every man as his diſeaſe moved him) plyed ſeverall intereſts, one this way, another that way, *Alcibiades* ſhewed them *Sicilia*, *Cleon Sphacteria*, another ſome other territorie, or *Ocean*, like ſo many ſprings to one ſick of a feaver. O bleſſed Stateſmen! this was your Reformation! Ruine, Confuſion, prodigious Changes, nationall Miſeries, and civill Inflammatious were the religion, and liberty they had from you! ſo woefully pernicious is the Maladie of the Soul, if compared with the diſeaſe of the Body. For though the Body lye ſick, languiſhing, and afflicted, yet if

a resolute, immoveable spirit hath the guidance of it, diseases, Convulsions, and death it selfe can prevail nothing; Thus *Pherecides* (though he was * laid quick in the grave, and saw Corruption while he lived) slighted both the loathsomnes and pain of the disease, wishing only that he might be freed from that unprofitable body, wherewith he was then cloath'd upon. Nay, I shall not doubt to say, that a soul thus gifted lives in the body by meere compulsion, for I look upon such a one, as upon some captive or slave, who seeing the walls of his prison decayed, and grown ruinous, expects every moment to be set at liberty, that freed from the darknes and horrour of that dungeon, which formerly oppresst him, he may at last enjoy a cleare aire, and the comforts of light. Canst thou believe that a hired labourer accustomed to the hardest, and most toilesome imployments, wilbe any thing astonished to see a suddaine rent, or hole in his apparell? or will he not rather cut off that which

* *A philosopher, and Master to* Pythagoras, *he died of the* Phthiriasis.

which hangs about him, and leave his body naked to the aire, that he may with more eaſe and nimblenes proſecute his task? And doeſt thou think the ſoul eſteemes otherwiſe of fleſh and bones than of a Coat which endures but for a day, or ſome thred-bare, cheap rags, which ſometimes the ſword, ſometimes the fagot, but moſt times diſeaſes devoure? Wherefore a generous, and ſuſtaining ſpirit, when he finds the body begining to undreſſe, and the bolts of his priſon looſed, makes no more account of that Change than a ſnail doth of her caſt ſhel, or *Vlyſſes* of the ten yeares ſuit he wandered in. But the fearefull, and Cowardly ſoul, ſtoved in the body, like ſome lazie beaſt in his den, will by no meanes be releaſed thence, no, nor ſomuch as take the aire, but delighting in the paſſions and miſeries of that burthen, is now torn, now burnt, by and by grieves, and alwaies groanes with it. Wee heare *Philoctetes* crying out, *O my foot, I muſt loſe thee!* why, good man, if thou muſt, loſe it willingly, and doe not crie ſo; Doth it

any thing eaſe thee to raile at thy friends, and make the *Echo* in *Lemnos* mock at thy Complaints ? *O Death my only Cure !* well ſaid *Philoctetes*; but if by ſo ſaying thou meaneſt only an Exchange of one Evill for the other, then cannot I approve of thy wiſh: But if by that Exclamation thou doeſt acknowledge death the only ſoveraign remedie, and revenger of a loathſome diſeaſe, thou haſt ſpoken right; call, and crie for thy Cure. And now ſeeing wee have mentioned *Philoctetes* moſt opportunely will he afford us a very pregnant example. There was heretofore at the ſiege of *Troy* (for valour and number) an Army of *Grecians* altogether incredible, as many as there be leafes or flowers in the ſpring, all of them able, hardie, and healthfull bodies lying about the walls and trenches of their Enemies for ten whole yeares, and prevailed nothing; not *Achilles* the purſuer, *Aiax* the defyer, *Diomedes* the ſlaughterer, *Teucer* the Archer, *Agamemnon* the Counſellour, *Neſtor* the Oratour, *Chalcas* the Soothſayer, nor *Vliſſes* the Deceiver. But what ſaies the *Oracle* ? *In vain*

(*O noble youths and ſouldiers of Greece!*) *in vain I ſay doe you skirmiſh, batter, aſſault, and advize; for never ſhall you be able to take thoſe walls, before you have to your aid, a mind indeed prudent and healthy, but a body infected, languiſhing, lame and allmoſt conſumed*; They obey the oracle, and fetch him from *Lemnos*, him (I ſay) ſick in body, but ſound in mind. And thus wee ſee what the Soul can doe in health, let us now conſider it when diſeaſed. The mind is infected with ſenſualitie, it burnes, melts, and pines away. What will you doe to the patient? what benefit, or advantage can the Body (in this Caſe) miniſter to the Soul? *Sardanapalus* lies ſick of this diſeaſe; Doe not you ſee, how like an Inſatiable *ulcer* it hath taken hold of all the parts of his body? his Colour is gone, his Beauty ſpent, his Eyes dull'd, and his whole frame burnes with moſt obſcene Impatiencie. *Alcibiades* is in the ſame caſe. An outragious, reſtles fire feedes upon him, overthrowes his reaſon, hurries him up and down, from * *Lycæum* to the multitude, from the

* Ariſtotles School in Athens.

multitude

multitude to the ſea, from the ſea to *Sicilia*, from *Sicilia* to *Lacedemon*, from *Lacedemon* to *Perſia*, from *Perſia* to *Samos*, from *Samos* to *Athens*, from *Athens* to *Helleſpont*, and from *Helleſpont* I know not whither.* *Critias* lyes ſick, taken with a moſt grievous, deſperate, intolerable diſeaſe, and burthenſome to a whole Commonwealth. But all theſe had very healthfull, proper, and handſome bodies; ſpruce *Sardanapalus*, beautifull *Alcibiades*, and portly *Critias*. But in men of ſuch diſpoſitions I never loved health. Let *Critias* then be ſick, untill he may play the tyrant; *Alcibiades* becauſe he cannot bring *Athens* into *Sicilie*; And for *Sardanapalus* let him be ſick to death, for it is more manly for him to periſh by a diſeaſe, than an exceſſive obſcenitie. Yea, and may every one periſh, who is only fertill in Continuall evills! for as running ulcers where they once ſeize, ſpread further ſtill, and corrupt thoſe parts which are ſincereſt, diſperſing and prevailing againſt all medicines, untill the very ſeat and hold of the

*One of the 30 tyrants in Athens.

the diſeaſe be cut out ; So thoſe minds which are uſed to rotteneſs, Corruption, and diſhoneſt Intentions will (like infected people) endanger all that have Commerce with them ; And therefore in ſuch perſons the *ſtrength* and *ſpring* of the diſeaſe ſhould be taken off, as the *hand* of a thiefe, the *Eye* of a leacher, and the *belly* of a glutton. For though againſt theſe enormities thou ſhouldſt conſtitute Iudges, priſons, and tortures, yet would the Evill increaſe, prevaile, and overflow ; for the headines of vice where it finds a prediſpoſition, and growes once habituall, is altogether Incredible, and attended with moſt deſperate licentiouſnes, and a frontles audacitie.

FINIS.

The Praiſe and Happineſſe of the Country-Life, &c.

The Firſt CHAPTER.

WHoever Loves the *Country*, and Lives in it upon his owne Eſtate, whether *Hereditarie* or *Purchaſed*, and lends not his Ears to any flatt'ring *allurements* perſwading to ambition and greatneſſe, but carefully avoids thoſe dangerous *Precipices* and *Quickſands*, I ſhall not feare to affirme, That ſuch a liver is the *wiſeſt of men*; for he living upon his own, is no mans debtour, and is offenſive to none but either a *Courtier*, or a *Citizen*; and therefore

therefore is much more happy than if he had Ingroſt to himſelf all *Court favours*, or had bin expert in the *ſubtiltie* and *Politicks* of all forraign Nations.

He fears no *diſcontents* to diſturbe his *Peace*, but lives well-pleaſed with what *providence* gives him though never ſo little. He is free from all fretting *cares*, and is fed with no mans *proviſion* but his *own*. The *Crop* of his *Land* comes in certainly once a *yeare*, it is got with a *good conſcience*, and is ever ready upon any neceſſity. Theſe are *returns* which he needs not *complement* for, nor be thought troubleſome, or rudely *importunate*. A pompous and ſplendid *fortune* hath ſeldome *better bleſſings*; but inſtead of thoſe laviſh and ſumptuous *Exceſſes* ſhe is ſometimes accuſtom'd to, ſhe frequently deceives our hopes with the worſt kind of *Exigencies*. A *Nobleman* or *Citizen* living upon the Revenues and accommodations of his Country eſtate finds more of honour, reputation and authority amongſt his Neighbours, than all thoſe *Sycophants* (though outwardly more rich

and

and ſumptuous) whom either an antient *deſcent*, a large *retinue*, or the beauty and ſpruceneſſe of their *wifes*, hath preferr'd at *Court*. There the luſtre of *greater perſons* makes theirs to be of no notice; but in his Country-houſe he is *Lord* alone, and his Wife is *Lady*, there he is really honour'd and admir'd of all. Wherefore it was well ſaid of *Julius Cæſar*, *That he had rather be the prime Freeholder in a Country Village, than the ſecond Magiſtrate in the City of Rome.*

Pietie and Religion may be better Cheriſh'd and preſerved in the Country than any where elſe. While the Husbandman with a *cheerfull* and *holy hope* expects the fruit and recompenſe of his pains, out of the earth, the Inhabitants of great *Cities* (yea thoſe that have no more than one *garriſh ſuit* of Cloaths, and a very *mean ſubſiſtance*) will be reproaching and envying one the other. Hence very many of them are ſuddenly undone, and by ſome ambitious attempt of *precedency*, come to loſe that little they had gotten, in which ruins their friends alſo are ſome-

times involved, whom they had drawn in for greater undertakings than their abilities could bear out. The *Countryman* living private, repines at no man, is alwaies contented, and contributes ſomething towards the relief of the *poor*. But he that ſeeks after places of Eminency will be ſure to find *Envy* and *Competitors*, and theſe laſt will be ſtill watching to reduce him to ſuch a condition as ſhall be far beneath their Envy. To keep a *School*, to be a hir'd *labourer*, or to live by Compounding of *Salves* and *Plaiſters*, is a far more bleſſed and a ſecurer life.

He that lives in his own *fields* and *habitation*, which God hath given him, enjoys true Peace; for no Phantaſtick, Impudent *Companion* turns in thither to diſturbe him, and to ſeek after a ſumptuous entertainment, or to corrupt his family in his abſence; the very occaſion of *illdoing* is by his preſence taken away. He buſieth not himſelf in a *ſearch* of pleaſures, but in regulating, and diſpoſing of his family; in the education of his Children, and Domeſtick Diſcipline. No violent

violent tempeſtuous motions diſtract his *reſt*, but ſoft gales, and a ſilent aire refreſh and breath upon him. He doth all things commodiouſly, ordereth his life diſcreetly, not after the opinion of the people, but by the rules of his own certain experience; he knows he muſt not live here for ever, and therefore thinks frequently of *diſſolution* and the day of *death*. He knows his reſting place at night, and is not like *travellours* and *runagates*, ſollicitous and uncertaine of his *lodging*, or the manners of *thoſe* that are to entertaine him; he wants no furniture, his *bed* is ready at the time of reſt, and his *Horſes* and *Sadles* when he rides abroad. He fears not the violence of *Judges*, nor their perverſe judgements, which to others is a frequent trouble; And which is a bleſſing above all, he meets not in the receſſe of his fields with any *Impoſtor*, *buſie-body*, or *lewd-woman*, whoſe temptations ſometimes turne men into beaſts, and hurry them into divers luſts, which oftentimes have bin ſo ſadly effectuall as to cauſe *diſcord* and *bloudſhed*.

He that lives in the Country, hath *time* for his ſervant, and whatſoever occaſions offer themſelves (if he be but a *diſcreet obſerver* of his *hours*) he can have no cauſe to complaine that they are unſeaſonable. Nothing will hinder him from the pleaſure of *books*, from *devotion*, or the fruition of his *friends*. If he finds himſelf remiſſe and voyd of buſineſſe, there is nothing hinders but he may take either the pleaſure of *hunting*, or of viſiting ſome well accompliſh'd, pleaſing *Companion*; Whereas thoſe that are *tyed* to buſineſſe, whoſe *profeſſion* makes their *life* a meer *ſlaverie*, are alwaies impriſon'd (as it were) and barr'd from *recreation*. Sometimes they are driven upon far Journeys againſt their will, and ſpend their time of life (which to *Chriſtians* ſhould be moſt pretious) in the negotiations of others, in *complementing*, *ſcraping*, *intreating*, *petitioning*, feigned *ſighing*, and a ridiculous *humbling* of themſelves. Inſomuch that the ſaying of *Auguſtus Cæſar* to a laborious Citizen of *Rome*, may very well be applyed to them.

I wonder (ſaid he) *thou doeſt not leave off, thou art ſo conſtant in imployment, thou wilt have no time to dye.*

A *Nobleman* or *Citizen* retyr'd into the Country, may without prejudice to his *honour* walk alone, without the noyſe and trouble of *Attendants*, he needs there no *Couches* to ſtretch upon, nor his *Gentleman* at his back; and his *Lady* may take the aire without her *Gentlewoman*; but in *Courts* and great aſſemblies theſe *formalities* (with exceſſive charge and pride) muſt be kept up to carry the eys of the *multitude*, which are alwaies taken with ſuch vaine *ſhows* and *Pageantrie*.

We may in the Country, when we pleaſe and without offence take the *aire*, walk to the next *neighbourhood*, or *village*, and with an untainted *repute* return home at what houre we ſhall ſet to our ſelves, having no troubleſome occaſions to entangle and delay us. The Countryman is *ſlave* to no body, he walks not loaded with *boots* and *ſpurs*, ready at all *Commands*, as *Souldiers* at the *ſound* of the trumpet.

In the Country the *Gentleman* aſwell as the *Ploughman* may live, to pleaſe himſelf, and is not bound to a chargeable Imitation of the *faſhions* and *foppery* of others. There is no neceſſity of any thing but a *Cloak* for feare of raine, and a *warme garment* more for health than oſtentation. A *bill* to walk his grounds with, a *fiſh-basket*, an *angling-rod*, or *birding-piece* are his chiefeſt accoutrements. Yea, the Nobleman in the Country is as much honour'd in his coarſeſt habit, as he can be elſewhere in his richeſt and moſt pompous ornaments.

Of what degree ſoever he be, that lives in the Country, whether a *Gentleman* or a *Plebeian*, he is not therefore held the more deſpicable, or unfortunate, becauſe he rides to the market upon his own *working beaſt*, than the moſt Lordly *gallant* upon his *great horſe*; Yea, more *bleſſed* is he, that living honeſtly in the *ſweat of his face*, rides his own ſimple *Aſſe*, than a rich unconſcionable *Tyrant* that furniſheth his great *ſtable* or *dairie* with the *Cattel* and *Horſes* of an innocent, honeſt *man*.

The

The Second CHAPTER.

THe Husband-man never wants *good Corne*, and which in great *Towns* and *Courts* is very rare, he is alwaies furniſhed with wel-relliſhing *bread* and well baked; for in populous *Cities* their *Corne* is either mouldie, or not wel-grinded, or their *water* with which they knead it, is brackiſh and unwholeſome, which oftentimes is the cauſe of divers diſeaſes and mortalitie amongſt the Inhabitants. But that which is moſt worthy our obſervation in this Chapter, is, that in the Country there are more healtfull exerciſes, and better opportunities and means to ſpend our time than can poſſibly be had in Cities and Courts. Frequent *diſſimulation*, dangerous *reſervedneſſe*, an evill *eye*, ridiculous *affectation*, *policie*, *revenge*, ſupercilious *ſcorns*, a phantaſtick *gate*, affected *motions*, *Chambering*, ſplendid and ſwelling *words*, groſſe *calumnie*, *defamation*, *curſing*, *ſwearing*, (which would make a

good *Chriſtian* wiſh himſelf deafe) with *ambition* the moſt poyſonous *weed* of the mind are the *plants* which grow in thoſe *Gardens*.

More happy then, yea by much more happy than any *King*, if not nearer to a *divine felicitie* is that perſon who lives and dwels in the Country upon the Rents and profits of his own grounds. There without danger he may act and ſpeake as it becomes *ſimplicity* and naked *truth*; he hath liberty and choice in all his imployments; there is no place for flattery, which drives headlong the *bad*, entiſeth the *good*, and *Proteus*-like transforms it ſelf into all ſhapes, and yet at laſt purchaſeth nothing but the hatred of all, eſpecially when it is buſied in *tale-bearing* and *back-biting*. In the Country we can have a harmeleſſe and cheerfull converſation with our familiar friends, either in our *houſes* or under ſome *ſhade*, not troubling or endangering our ſelves with the *ſecret miſchiefs* and *deſigns* of *States-men*. Whereas in publick Company there are many things ſpoken at randome, which bring

bring more of *wearineſſe*, than *pleaſure* to the hearers. But the quiet retyr'd *liver*, in that calme ſilence, reads over ſome profitable hiſtories or books of devotion, and very often (ſtird up by an inward and holy joy) breaks out into divine praiſes and the ſinging of *Hymnes* and *Pſalms*; with theſe ſacred recreations (more delightfull than *Romances*, and the laſcivious Muſick of *Fidlers* which only Cloy and weary the ears) doth he feed his *ſoule* and refreſh his *body*. Beſides by this receſſe from places of eminent Confluence, we avoid the clamours and officious *morning ſalutations* of ſuch chargeable *Paraſites*, which *ſtrike it up* under every lodging, and diſturbe our reſt, that they may have wherewith to be *drunk* and *aiſorderly*.

Thoſe that live in the Country are much more healthfull, and are not ſubject to ſo many diſeaſes as *Citizens* and *Courtiers*, for in Cities the *buildings* are high, the *lanes* narrow and durtie, the *aire* dull and for want of *rarification* and *motion* breeds many diſeaſes. But in the Country

Country the *Villages* are built at a great diſtance, the *Inhabitants* are more careſull of their healths, the *aire* is quick and freſh, the *Sun* unclowded and cheerfull, the *earth* leſſe ſubject to vapours and noyſome Exhalations, and whatſoever *accident* happens either publick or private it is put up, or reconciled without noiſe and fury. Severall recreations call the Countryman abroad, now his *Orchard* and *Gardens*, now his *fallow*, now his *meadows*, another time his *corne fields*, and when all theſe are lookt to, there remains ſomething to be done at *home*; hence commeth he to be ſo *vigorous* and *ſtrong*, ſo *ſecure* and *cheerfull*, and is alwaies accompanied with more *pleaſure* than *paine*. This *Privilege* alſo the Country hath above other places, That there are in it neither *young Phyſicians*, nor *old diſeaſes*. But the *Courtier* hath his *ſubſtance* alwaies divided into *foure parts*; The firſt he gives to his *flatterers*, the ſecond to his *Sollicitour* and the *devouring irreligious Lawyer*, the third to his *Apothecary*, and the fourth to the *Phyſi-*

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cian. O how happy then in compariſon of theſe *wretches* is the contented, peacefull Countryman, who never heard of the *Neopolitan* diſeaſe, nor any other *bodily diſorders*, the rewards of an unlimited *luſt!* He knows not what is meant by the *Canker*, the *Apoplexie*, or the *Gout*, never ſaw a *Juleb*, a *Purge*, or an * *Apozeme*. The peacefull *Country-Life* is ſeldome broken with ſo many and ſo weighty cares and moleſtations as may haſten an untimely end, and make the ſoule and body part by a forced and painfull diſſolution. Briefly ſo far are the Country people from a pompous Curioſitie and oſtentation, that they had not known what *brick* or *lime* is, but for the neceſſary uſe of it to build Stables and Out-houſes for their Cattell. Their own *Cots* are for the moſt part built with *Tymber* which they cover over with *Clay*, and Thatch with *Straw*. And thoſe few more coſtly buildings which are to be ſeen there, for ſweetneſſe of *ſituation* and *contrivance*, exceed all regal Palaces, or other ſumptuous ſtructures built by Citizens.

* *A decoction made of ſeverall herbs.*

The

The day it ſelf (in my opinion) ſeems of more *length* and *beauty* in the Country, and can be better enjoyed than any where elſe. There the *years* paſſe away calmly, and one *day* gently drives on the other, inſomuch that a man may be ſenſible of a certaine *ſatietie* and *pleaſure* from every *houre*, and may be ſaid to feed upon *time* it ſelf, which devours all other things. And although thoſe that are imployed in the mannaging and ordering of their own eſtates in the Country, have otherwiſe, namely by that very imployment, much more pleaſure and delights than a *Citizen* can poſſibly have, yet verily ſo it is, that one *day* ſpent in the receſſe and privacie of the *Country*, ſeems more pleaſant and laſting than a whole year at *Court*. Juſtly then and moſt deſervingly ſhall we account them moſt happy with whom the Sun ſtays longeſt, and lends a larger day. The Husbandman is alwaies up and dreſt with the morning, whoſe dawning light at the ſame inſtant of time breaks over all the Fields and chaſeth away the darkneſſe (which

(which would hinder his early labours) from every *valley*. If his days task keep him late in the *fields*, yet *night* comes not ſo ſuddenly upon him, but he can returne home with the *Evening-ſtar*. Whereas in *Towns* and populous *Cities* neither the *Day*, nor the *Sun*, nor a *Star*, nor the *Seaſon* of the *Year* can be well perceived. All which in the Country are manifeſtly ſeen, and occaſion a more exact care and obſervation of *Seaſons*, that their *labours* may be in their appointed time, and their *rewards* accordingly.

Another moſt profitable Prerogative alſo the Husband-man hath, and that is the cheapneſſe of all neceſſary commodities, as *Wood* for fuell, *Hay*, and *Straw*, which in the *Cities* cannot be had but at a moſt dear rate. Beſides he *Dines* and *Sups* both when and where, and with whom he pleaſeth, though not delicately, yet ſo as to ſatisfie nature, and not offend his health; but in Cities and Courts the long *preparation* and *Cookery* makes their meals alwaies *unſeaſonable*; and their meat is moſt commonly either raw,

or

or with long ſtay lukewarme, and ill-reliſhing; which notwithſtanding they devoure with ſo much eagerneſſe, as if they were half ſtarved. And which is worſt of all, they are oftentimes driven to ſit at the ſame Table with their enemies and perſecutors, which makes their moſt dainty morſels reliſh no better than *gaul* and *wormewood.* This intemperate manner of feeding is too too often the cauſe of ſudden deaths, or a forward decrepitneſſe, with lingring and obſtinate diſeaſes. But the Husbandman all this while hath *life* and *health* at will, he keeps good hours, Dines and Sups ſeaſonably, eats cheerfully without *ſuſpition* and a *taſter* in the Company of his faithfull friends, which at *Court*, and in *Cities*, are meere *prodigies* and *miracles.* Or if he Dines privately, yet hath he the *comfort* and *ſocietie* of a modeſt, vertuous *wife*, ſweet and healthfull *Children*, a religious and quiet *family*, whoſe very ſight is the beſt *ſauce*, and gives moſt *content*. And though none of all theſe feed high & daintily, yet by *Gods* goodneſſe they have both

healthfull

healthfull *bodies* and cheerfull *complexi-ons*, and never complaine of *famine* or *ſcarcitie*. A Meſſe of *Milk* and a piece of *Cheeſe* relliſh better with them in their own *homes*, than the moſt ſumptuous proviſions and banquets in the houſe of a *ſtranger*; Yea the coarſeſt diſh their table affords is as welcome to them, as if it were dreſt with rich *Oils*, rare *Sallads*, and the moſt coſtly *Spices*.

This Privilege alſo (above others) makes the Country-man happy, that he hath alwaies ſomething at hand which is both uſefull and pleaſant. A bleſſing which hath never bin granted either to a *Courtier*, or a *Citizen*. They have *e-nemies* enough, but few *friends* that de-ſerve their love, or that they dare truſt to either for *Counſell* or *action*. O who can ever fully expreſſe the pleaſures and hap-pineſſe of the Country-life! with the vari-ous and delightfull ſports of *fiſhing*, *hun-ting* and *fowling*, with *guns*, *Greyhounds*, *Spaniels*, and ſeverall ſorts of *Nets*! what oblectation and refreſhment it is, to be-hold the *green ſhades*, the beauty and Majeſty

Majeſtie of the tall and antient *groves*, to be skill'd in *planting* and dreſſing of *Orchards*, *Flowres* and *Pot-Herbs*, to temper and allay theſe harmleſſe *imployments* with ſome innocent merry *ſong*, to aſcend ſometimes to the *freſh* and *healthfull hils*, to deſcend into the *boſome* of the *valleys*, and the fragrant, deawy *meadows*, to heare the *muſick* of *birds*, the *murmurs* of *Bees*, the *falling* of *ſprings*, and the pleaſant diſcourſes of the *O'd Plough-men*, where without any impediment or trouble a man may walk, and (as *Cato Cenſorius* us'd to ſay) diſcourſe with the *dead*, that is read the pious works of learned men who departing this life left behind them their *noble thoughts* for the beneſit of *poſterity*, and the preſervation of their own worthy *names*. Where the Chriſtian pious *Countryman* may walk with the learned Religious *Miniſter* of his *Pariſh*, or converſe with his familiar faithfull *friends*, avoyding the diſſimulation and windineſſe of thoſe that are *blown* up with the *ſpirit*, and under the pretence of *Religion* commit all *villanies*. Theſe are

the blessings which only a *Countryman* is ordain'd to, and are in vaine wish'd for by *Citizens* and *Courtiers*.

The third CHAPTER.

THe Inhabitants of the Country meet with nothing all the *week* that can make them miserable, and when the *Sabbath day* comes, or other *festivall solemnities*, they enjoy a more sincere and heavenly comfort, than those that live in *Cities* and *Courts*; for such a troop of intricate and numerous *negotiations* take up the *thoughts* and *souls* of those people, that they never make any difference betwixt *working* and *holy days*. O what a pious and beautifull work it is, when *holy* and *solemne days* are observ'd in the Country, according to the *sacred rules* and *Ordinances* of *Religion*! The *doore-keepers* of the *house* of *God* set wide open their *beautifull gates*, The *Church-bels* Ring, and every pious Soule is ravish'd with the *Musick*, and is sick of *love* untill he come into the *Courts*

of the *Lord*. The *Temples* and *Communion tables* are dreſt, and the *beauty of holineſſe* ſhines every where. The pooreſt *Country-labourer* honours that day with his beſt *habit*; their *families*, their *beaſts*, and their *cattell* reſt on that day, and every one in a decent and Chriſtian *dreſſe* walks Religiouſly towards his *Pariſh Church*, where they heare Divine *Service*, performe all *holy duties*, and after Dinner releaſt from all their labours *reſt* in the *practice* of true *piety*. But in *Cities* there are no other ſigns of *holy days* than to ſleep them out, or to ſee their *Wifes* and their *Daughters* richly cloath'd, with their *haire* artificially combed and curiouſly tyed up; The men walk out into the *Suburbs*, where they fall to drinking and diſorder. And if you enter into their *Churches* you ſhall find a very thin Company, and moſt of them either *ſtrangers*, or ſome inferiour *Trades-men*. The chiefeſt *Citizens* aſwell as the *Courtiers* ſpend thoſe bleſſed days in pampering themſelves, and obeying their own luſts and devices.

But let us return from this *vitious place* into the *harmles Countrey*: What dainties are there at Court (omiting the pleaſure of taking them) which are not firſt had from the *Countrey*? The *Courtier* pleaſeth his palat with a peece of *ſtale veniſon*, but the *Countreyman* by the help of his *bow*, his *nets*, or his *gun*, can have it *freſh*, and conſequently more *pleaſant* and more *healthie*. He hath not a familie whoſe neceſſities muſt be alwaies furniſhed out of the *ſhop*, nor their table out of the *market*, but a provident and gainfull familie; His proviſion is alwaies out of his own *ſtore*, and agreeable with the ſeaſon of the Yeare; *Pigeons*, *Partridges*, *Capons*, *Quiſts*, *Hares*, with ſeverall ſorts of *fiſh* and *fowle* he hath in abundance, and is ever ready to pleaſure a friend if call'd upon. His *ſheepe* furniſh him and his familie with *wooll* for clothing. His fat *weathers* and *goates* are numerous and alwaies at hand. He hath his *Oxen* to plough with, his *kine* and *heifers* yeeld him *milk*, *butter*, and *Cheeſe*; His *Kitchin* is alwaies well ſtor'd with *Bacon* and *Beefe*, nor wants he any

thing that is neceſſary towards the *breeding* or the *maintaining* of a familie. If wee look abroad into his *fields*, wee ſhall find him well furniſhed with young *Cattell* and *Colts*, ſome ready for the *Yoke*, and *Sadle*, others fit for the *Market* and *Sale*. Thus by Gods bleſſing upon his labours he thrives by an honeſt Induſtrie without ſupplanting his neighbour, while others out of an unſatiable madnes and a devliſh avarice by meere rapine and a tyrannicall power, maintaine their abominable greatnes with the *bloud* and *teares* of poore Innocents and Orphans, and like *Harpyes* and *heathens* take the *bread* out of the *mouths* of the helples and harmles *Children*.

In the *Countrey* every *one* finds reverence proportionable to his worth, and thoſe that have none are accordingly eſteemed of. But in *Citties* and *Courts* it is otherwiſe, for there, no man is honour'd for his *worth*, but for his *riches*, nor for his *deſerts*, but for his outward *port* and *greatnes*. And to ſuch *Swoln outſides* (though never ſo *hollow* and *rotten* within) all *Paraſites* and *ſuters* run like rivers to the

the ſea. But the honeſt, plaine Husbandmen, if there lives amongſt them a diſcreet, learned, and upright Patriot, faithfull and able to give them adviſe, can never think themſelves thankfull enough, for the good offices, fidelitie, and kindnes they receive from him; what ever in their fields, gardens and orchards is moſt rare, that they preſent him with, and all of them from the loweſt to the higheſt make frequent profeſſion of their love and duty unto him. But at Court and in great Cities all honour is conferred upon ſubtile diſſembling *favorites*, while the wiſe, honeſt, and conſtant *man* is neglected and paſt by like a *fruitles tree*, none but *knaves* and *paraſites* being admitted to preferment. The wicked men there carry all the *rewards*, and the righteous grone under thoſe *puniſhments* which are due to the bad.

The *Countrey-gentleman* and the *husbandman* breed up and accuſtome their *ſons* and *daughters* to modeſt, and virtuous Courſes, leſt by any remiſſnes or Looſe Carriage, they might incurre the danger

of an ill name. Equall *matches*, and unforc'd *Affections* make them live *happily*, and the *tyes* of Kinred and marriage ſo unite all neighbourhoods there, that their affections and Courteſies to one another laſt equally with their lives, which in greater fortunes uſe to end with the *marriage-day*. This is a happines which *Cittizens* and *Courtiers* ſeldome enjoy; for they looking after great fortunes, match their Children far off, and are oftner Troubled with their *abſence*, than Comforted with their *preſence*.

O too too fortunate, and in every Circumſtance moſt bleſſed and happy Husband-men! who marry their Children to their neighbours, and live alwaies within the *breath* of their Sons in Law, their grand Children, and their families. Who *reverence*, *love*, and willingly performe all kind and honeſt offices for their *ſuperiours*, and which is a ſpeciall Comfort to their ſoules in their old age, viſit, relieve, and cheriſh the *ſick* and the *poore*. Such peacefull private livers as theſe feare no *fines*, nor *forfeitures*, which many times bring

bring in a *Stranger* or an *Enemie* to be the heire of all our labours under the *Sun*.

It is a ſingular privilege alſo which the Countrey hath, that the Inhabitants there are not troubled with any *Importunate Viſits*, and yet have no Cauſe to complaine of *Solitude*. This faſhion of *viſiting* is in great *townes* and *Courts* grown up to a kind of a politick *vocation*; when their *purſes* are emptied of money, then their *heads* are full of gadding thoughts, and they are caſting about what acquaintance or friend they ſhalbe troubleſome to, under a pretence of Courteſie; ſo that they can neither ſleep well at *nights*, nor ſuffer their friends to be quiet in the *day-time*.

How happy then is the Countrey-man which moves only in the Circuite of his own grounds, that is abſolute maſter of his time, and is not compelled to waite at the litigious *bars*, and *Courts* of *Law* by a ſet houre! that goes not *capping* from Lawier to Lawier for their opinion, and then payes for it, before he hath it. That *Supplicates* not to *door-keepers*, *Clarks*,

and *officers*, nor with much ſorrow and more amazement is forced to heare a great deale of invented *barbariſme*, and ſtrange *terms*. That is not driven to make humble requeſts to ev'ry rotten *Sycophant* and *favourite*, which yet in vaine he often ſolliciteth, and proſtrates himſelfe to the *Corrupt Magiſtrates*, for feare of being devoured by ſuch *Cyclops and harpyes*. Happy I ſay is the Husband-man, who lives a ſtranger to all theſe miſeries, and in the ſhadow of ſome faire *wood* with unſpeakable delight contemplates the beauty of the *fields*, *meadows*, *fountaines* and *rivers* of *water*. He admires and adores the only wiſe, and almighty God, who firſt *created*, and ſtill *preſerves* all things in a flouriſhing and fruitfull condition. With this Conſideration of *gods* infinite goodnes he mightily comforts himſelfe, and is daily delighted to heare the *bleating* of his *ſheepe* and *lambs*, the *lowing* of his *Oxen*, and the *neighing* of his *horſes*. Towards *ſun ſetting*, the *nightingale* and other pleaſant *birds* caroll to him out of the *wood*, his *dogs* like faithfull attendants walk about him;

him; The *Rams* leap, the *kids* skip, and his *Yard* abounds with *Pigeons*, *Turkeys*, *Capons*, *ducks* and all ſorts of *Poultrie*. Innumerable other pleaſing objects greet his Eyes, as the leaping of fiſh, the flying of *fowles*, and the caſuall meeting of wild *beaſts*, which ſteale through the *woods* and pleaſant *paſtures* to ſome *green banke*, where they may quench their thirſt with the *coole ſtreames*. Happy therefore I ſay, yea, truly happy is the Husbandman who is every day *feaſted* (as it were) with ſo many and ſuch various delights; who in a certaine and ſilent tranquillitie enjoys all theſe bleſſings with a thankfull heart. Though he ſhould reſt no where elſe, but on *ſtraw*, or the bare *Earth*, yet are his ſleeps unbroken, and far more ſweet, than thoſe *naps* which are taken upon *ſilks*, and *beds* of *down*.

Another advantage which the Husband-man hath is this, That in the Country there is more emulation and ſtriving to be good, and leſſe occaſion of malice than in *Courts* and places of eminence, where ſin and wickedneſſe find alwaies

an

an open entrance. The Confluence there is at all times populous, few or none exhorting to a virtuous life, and many, yea moſt of them inciting to vice; but the moſt dangerous are thoſe, who doe not ſo much allure with words as with examples, teaching us to eſteeme of every man according to his outſide, not conſidering what he may be within, or how qualified towards *God* and his *neighbour*. Theſe kind of people the wiſe *Seneca* judged to be the moſt miſerable, comparing them to *whited wals* and *painted tables*, whoſe outward ſhow might deceive a very good judgement; ſo eaſily may an honeſt man be over-reach'd, though never ſo wiſe.

But let us proceed to another conſideration. There is not in the Country ſuch frequent miſcarriage, and occaſion of offence, as in *Cities* and *Courts*; they juſtle not, nor overtop one another; They ſeek all for a ſubſiſtence by manuring their lands, and looking to their cattell; there is no *eminencie* amongſt them, and conſequently no *envy*. There are no *Wine-taverns* nor *Cook-ſhops* for riotous, lewd

lewd livers to frequent; no *night-wanderers* to ſit up, drink, and vomit in every corner, making the rooms loathſome, and their Company leſſe tollerable than that of *Swine*. There are no nice, curious *Dames*, that never come abroad without a Guard of Handmayds; no quarrels, no bloodſhed, nor provocations to them. There are no voluptuous, laſcivious *ſhows*, no *Arts* to egge men on to impietie and *Epicuriſme*. All that can be ſaid to offend there, are a few *gnats* and *flies*; which notwithſtanding are not ſo troubleſome, as that they need to *keep up a troop of horſe* to drive them out: But there are *Hornets* elſewhere which ſting worſe, and a Company of *Drones* whoſe robbery and greedineſſe will admit of no cure at all.

We are now come to the laſt *Prerogative*, which in this ſhort diſcourſe we ſhall reckon for the Country-Inhabitants, and that is this; They can with leſſe charge maintaine their families, and better their eſtates, than it can be done in *Cities* and *Courts*; for it is well known at what vaſt, and unreaſonable expences they

they live at Court, especially in this age, wherein the excessive charge of *rich habits* and a *luxurious diet* is grown to such a height both in *Courts* and *Cities*, that it seems to call for not only the *censure* of the earthly Magistrate, but the *Divine judgement* it self.

O what *Peace*, what *privacy*, and *securitie* is to be found in the *Country*! No silken *Curtains*, no costly *Arras*, no *Gold* or *Silver* Plate, no sumptuous *Jewels*, no Embroyderd *Garments*, no *Coaches*, nor *Sedans*, with an unprofitable and troublesome *traine* of attendants are there in requeſt. The *expenses* we must be at there, are both *frugall* and *necessary*, there is nothing to incite us to a lavish imitation of every ridiculous *Prodigall*, that claps his Revenues upon his back, and by the way of *bravery* comes at last to *beggery*. The Countrymans *Houshold-stuffe* is but ordinary, his *Tables* and *Chairs* are of plaine Timber, his *Beds* neither carv'd, nor gilded. The *Cups* he drinks in, are in the *Winter* of wholesome *earth*, or the seasond *Oke*, and in the

Summer

Summer of *glaſſe*. His richeſt habit is a plaine *coate*, or *cloke* worne firſt by his own *ſheep*, afterwards *ſhorne* and *ſpun* for himſelf; an able *horſe*, a *man-ſervant* and a *maid* are all his *retinnue*. And truly this plaine *Husband-man* both in reguard of the *Utenſils* of his houſe, his *proviſion* and *courſe* of life, is and ever ſhalbe in my opinion far more happy than either the *Nobleman*, the *Courtier*, or the *Citizen*; And if we conſider him for *uprightneſſe*, and *purity* of *conſcience*, I believe there is no *man* ſo *Irrationall*, but will confeſſe him to exceed them all. As for the *Courtier*, all that ever he gets, comes either by ſome baſe, ſervile *proſtitution* of his perſon, or by *flatterie* and *inſinuation*; ſometime the rich *donatives* of *Princes* and *Noblemen*, wearied with their importunate begging and ſollicitations, conduce much to their advancement. But *vultures* and *harpies* are more tollerable in a *Common-wealth* than this kind of creatures; for thoſe feed only upon *Carkaſſes* & the *dead*; but theſe prey upon and devoure the *living*. That *God*

in

in whoſe hand the hearts of Princes are, root out of the earth all ſuch *Caterpillers*, which have occaſion'd the ruine of many pious *Kings*, and moſt flouriſhing *Kingdomes*. There would be ſomething commendable in them, if they would at laſt in their *old age* leave off their odious *practices*; but as the Proverb goes, *they are never aſham'd to ſwallow the Oxe and his tayle too*. Good *ſtomacks* they have, and can convert any thing into *bloud* and *nutriment*. Such, and ſo fatall is the miſery of man, that though he plainly ſees the *errours* of his life, yet he neither will *Reforme*, nor uſe the *means* for *Reformation*. May this *ambition* once periſh, and *humilitie* take place, ſuch an *happy* change would (no doubt) have an *holy* end.

FINIS.

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Errata.

IN the laſt Copy of verſes before the Poems, verſe 11. for my *r.* thy. *p.* the firſt *v.* 9. for ſworn *r.* ſwoln. *p.* 4. *v.* 23. for of face *r.* of a face. *p.* 5. *v.* 14. on *r.* one. *p.* 28. *v.* 11. for not *r.* no. *ibid v.* 17. for good *r.* God. *p.* 44. *v.* 11. for faith *r.* fate. *p.* 64. *v.* 14. for *relatus r. relatu. ibid v.* 15. for *per te r. Te per.*